FOR ADULTS ONLY.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

[redacted]

LOVEBIRDS

EVERY GIRL AN ENGLISH ROSE

FREE SEATS TO A BLUE FILM SHOW

WARNING
We would like to warn all potential purchasers of this magazine that it contains explicit photographs of both male and female genitals; and material of a highly erotic nature, only suitable for extremely broadminded adults. We warn you of these facts as it is not our intention to solicit orders from anybody who may be shocked or offended by this type of material.

In This Issue:

ROGER & EMILY – OFFICE OVERTIME!

THREE ASTONISHING BLONDES!

TURNING-ON TOM !TRICKY!

Plus READERS' LETTERS

SPECIAL FEATURE on THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE.

THE DAVID GALAXY
AFFAIR

MARY MILLINGTON ROSEMARIE ENGLAND DEBBIE DELIGHT DIANE DREAM

SEE THE 'FOUR ACES' IN ACTION.....

YES, AT LONG LAST, BRITAIN'S LEADING FOUR SEX SYMBOLS have joined forces to make the biggest sex film of all time – FOUR TOP STARS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! YES, PLUS fifty of the sexiest ladies in Europe get in on the action in the biggest and best sex film of ALL time.

Starring:
MARY MILLINGTON, ROSEMARIE ENGLAND,
DEBBIE DELIGHT and DIANE DREAM

LOOK OUT FOR
THIS TREMENDOUS FILM –
SHOWING IN CENTRAL LONDON
FROM MARCH OR APRIL –
WATCH THIS SPACE FOR FURTHER DETAILS...

"A SEXATIONALLY FUNNY FILM THAT WILL APPEAL EQUALLY TO MALE AND FEMALE READERS"

376

LOVEBIRDS

Publisher and Editor: Bill Edwards.
Printed in England

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The Publishers would like to state that all the photographs in this magazine feature simulated, not real sex and additionally, all the models are over 18 years of age and that all the captions attached to pictures in no way relate to the models who are all professional models.

EDITORIAL

OUR Publishing group has always been a leading exponent of the Pro-Porn lobby, and we are always the first to beat the drum for a product, whether it be a magazine or a motion picture, that gives full, sexually explicit value for money. This month, there are several effective ways of seeing uncensored hardcore. Firstly, there are two new sex films, THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR and EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS – which is actually showing right now, at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. It's all about the exploits of a pretty young blonde student, who adopts the subject of wife-swapping for her University thesis. It goes without saying that this naive girl soon finds herself on the receiving end of some VERY large penises – all of which help her towards her Doctorate of Sociology!

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR is infinitely more subtle. For a start, it has an internationally-acclaimed cast, but the presence of such veterans of hardcore as Diane Dream and Mary Millington ensure that it remains at a highly explicit level. It's all about the exploits of a con-man astrologer, who uses his purported star-gazing skills to wangle his way into bed with several dozen incredibly beautiful girls! It's showing as from April in selected Central London cinemas, so look out for further information in next month's editorial.

Whilst on the subject of films, Mary Millington's THE PLAYBIRDS is NOW showing at the Moulin Cinema, Gt Windmill Street, Soho. Mary plays the part of a Woman Police Sergeant, hot on the trail of a kinky sex strangler, and to see her peeling off her uniform, to reveal black stockings and suspenders (no panties!) and "spreading" just like she used to do in WHITEHOUSE magazine, is a sight for sore eyes!

From films to a new magazine, called ROMP, which is all to do with girls and guys in intimate action poses. Make no mistake, ROMP is pretty explicit stuff: the girls strip down to suspenders and high heels, and often lubricate themselves all over. They're then photographed in amazing wrestling poses, often with pussies held wide "agape" by their opponents. If such bizarre sex actions turns YOU on, you'll adore ROMP. Its 100 colour-packed pages are on sale now, price 95p, and on sale at most newsagents. Alternatively, it's available via mail order from: ROMP, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7, price £1.20 or £11.40 for subscriptions.

Another sex magazine that REALLY gives the readers what they want to see is PARK LANE, which specialises (as indeed it always has) in "finger penetration" close-ups, both straight and Lesbian. It never ceases to amaze people that this highly explicit journal is on open sale, though it has to be said that more and more newsagents are becoming reluctant to stock it for this reason. In case of difficulty, therefore, send £1.10p (includes carriage) to: PARK LANE, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7. – for the latest issue.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

READERS IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT MARY MILLINGTON'S FILM

The PLAYBIRDS
(Cert X)

IS SHOWING AT
EROS CINEMA, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON W.1.
Until 22nd Feb. and then at the Moulin, Gt. Windmill St. W.1.

AND at these cinemas:
KIRKCALDY ABC 2, 18th Jan. **MORECAMBE** Empire 4, 21st Jan.
LANCASTER Studio 1, 21st Jan. **SUNDERLAND** Fairworld, 21st Jan.
BERWICK Playhouse, 21st Jan. **WALTHAMSTOW** Granada, 21st Jan.
DONCASTER Gaumont 3, 21st Jan. **YORK** Odeon 3, 21st Jan.
OLDHAM Odeon 3, 21st Jan. **OXFORD** ABC 2, 21st Jan.
QUINTON Classic 2, 21st Jan. **ALTRINCHAM** Studio 1, 28th Jan.
LIVERPOOL Studio 2, 28th Jan. **CAMBRIDGE** ABC, 21st Jan.
EXETER Odeon 2, 28th Jan. **BRISTOL** Gaumont, 28th Jan.
WATFORD Empire, 28th Jan. **BURTON-on-TRENT** 28th Jan.
BATH Gemini, 28th Jan. **DERBY** ABC 3, 28th Jan.
MATLOCK Ritz, 28th Jan. **CHIPPENHAM** Studio 2, 28th Jan.
MEXBOROUGH Majestic, 28th Jan. **OAK HAM** County, 28th Jan.
WARD END Capitol, 28th Jan. **St. HELENS** ABC 2, 1st Feb.
MAESTEG Regal, 4th Feb. **PETERBOROUGH** Odeon 2, 4th Feb.
CARLISLE Lonsdale, 4th Feb. **HUDDERSFIELD** Princes, 4th Feb.
CANAERVON Majestic, 4th Feb. **RAWTENSTALL** Unit 4, 4th Feb.
CROSBY Classic, 4th Feb. **BIRMINGHAM Gala, 5th Feb.**
BRIERFIELD Unit, 8th Feb. **NEW QUAY** Astor, 8th Feb.
ST. ANNES Studio 3, 8th Feb.
BOURNEMOUTH Gaumont 1, 8th Feb. **CREWE** Ritz, 11th Feb.
BARNOLDSWICK Majestic, 11th Feb. **READING** Gaumont, 11th Feb.
COALVILLE Rex, 11th Feb. **ALFRETON** Empire, 11th Feb.
WORKSOP Studio 3, 11th Feb. **LEICESTER** ABC 3, 11th Feb.
LOUGHBOROUGH ABC 2, 11th Feb. **BARKING** Odeon 3, 11th Feb.
TENBY Royal Playhouse, 12th Feb. **PRAED ST**. Classic, 15th Feb.
ABERDEEN ABC 2, 15th Feb. **AVIEMORE** Speyside, 17th Feb.
FARNHAM Studio 2, 18th Feb. **YEADON** Studio 1, 25th Feb.
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE Studio 4, 25th Feb. **CAMBERLEY** Classic 3, 25thFeb.
BUNGAY Mayfair, 25th Feb. **DUNDEE** Victoria, 25th Feb.
CARDIGAN Pavillion, 26th Feb. **BATHGATE** Regal, 3rd Mar.
BANGOR (N. Wales) City, 4th Mar. **COLCHESTER** Odeon 3, 4th Mar.
OSWESTRY Regal, 6th Mar. **ROCHESTER** Odeon 2, 11th Mar.
WELSHPOOL Pola, 11th Mar. **COLINDALE** Classic, 11th Mar.
ABERYSTWITH Commodore, 12th Mar. **BURY ST. EDMUNDS** Studio 2, 25th Mar.
HOLLOWAY Odeon 2, 18th Mar. **TUNBRIDGE WELLS** 18th Mar.
RYDE (I.O.W) Commodore 3, 18th Mar.
LOCKERBIE Rex, 18th Mar. **SITTINGBOURNE** Classic 2, 25th Mar.
EAST GRINSTEAD Classic 3, 25th Mar. **NEWTOWN** Regal, 25th Mar.
ANNAN Lady Street, 26th Mar. **PORTMADOC** Coloseum, 12th Mar.
GLASGOW Classic, 8th April, **BELFAST** Avenue, 28th May.
DUNGANNON Astor,4th June. **WINCHESTER** Studio 3, 3rd June.
BANGOR Queens, 11th June. **LONDONDERRY** Rialto, 18th June:

(These dates are published as a guide but subject to last minute alterations).
Continuous performances at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus.
11.00am-2.00am – 7 days a week.
Also watch out for details of PERSONAL APPEARANCES of MARY MILLINGTON on stage at various cinemas throughout the UK.

ALSO **EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS** is showing –
GLASGOW Classic, 24th Dec. **MANCHESTER** Cameo, 24th Dec.
STOCKPORT Classic 2, 21st Jan. **EDINBURGH** Classic 19th Mar.

BACK IN ACTION

BY PERRY JAMES

It was one of those parties which appear to be impossibly overcrowded as soon as you arrive. There were people on the stairs, people in the hall and on the upstairs landing of Barry's fair-sized house – and then, when I'd finally fought my way all through the ground floor in search of my host, it transpired that even in the little back yard there were people, dancing, drinking, necking, shouting, swaying and slurring around under the influence of Barry's famous punch. A big vat of the lethal stuff lay on a small side table at the back of the hall, and the table was almost groaning under the weight of it as more and more guests dipped their white plastic cups into its frothy dark depths...

I'd been looking forward to this party not only for the effects of the famous punch, but also because the date coincided with the all-clear from the clap-clinic! I'd been taking the pills and religiously laying off the booze for a whole month, and I was determined that when the treatment was all over and I was once again pronounced fit to take my place up the skirts of civilised young ladies, I was going to do two things in rapid succession; get as pissed as a newt and stick my cock up everything with two legs and a cunt which couldn't move out of the way fast enough!

It was that randy little South African chick who'd given me the dose in the first place, and as I pushed and clawed my way through to the bowl of punch, which seemed to be gleaming and winking at me in the semi-darkness of Barry's hall, I cast my mind back to the occasion of our meeting, which had been at another party, a small intimate affair where it was obvious from the start that the guests had been invited only for their sexual compatability. Of course, as you shall see, there are at least two different sorts of party in my experience, and it's possible to get laid at either of them, but actually being invited because you're known to be a stud is most flattering, I can tell you.

It had only happened to me once before, and that was when I was living as a student in Paris at the age of twenty-two, and a fellow student, a charming, debonair Frenchman called Rene, had got me into an extremely private party on the banks of the Seine, where we were greeted at the door by a couple of chicks in topless dresses who didn't object in the least when we titted them off en route for the party itself, which was being held in a small courtyard open to the stars at the back of the large mansion.

"THE RANDY BITCH WAS LYING ON THE BED WITH LEGS WIDE APART..."

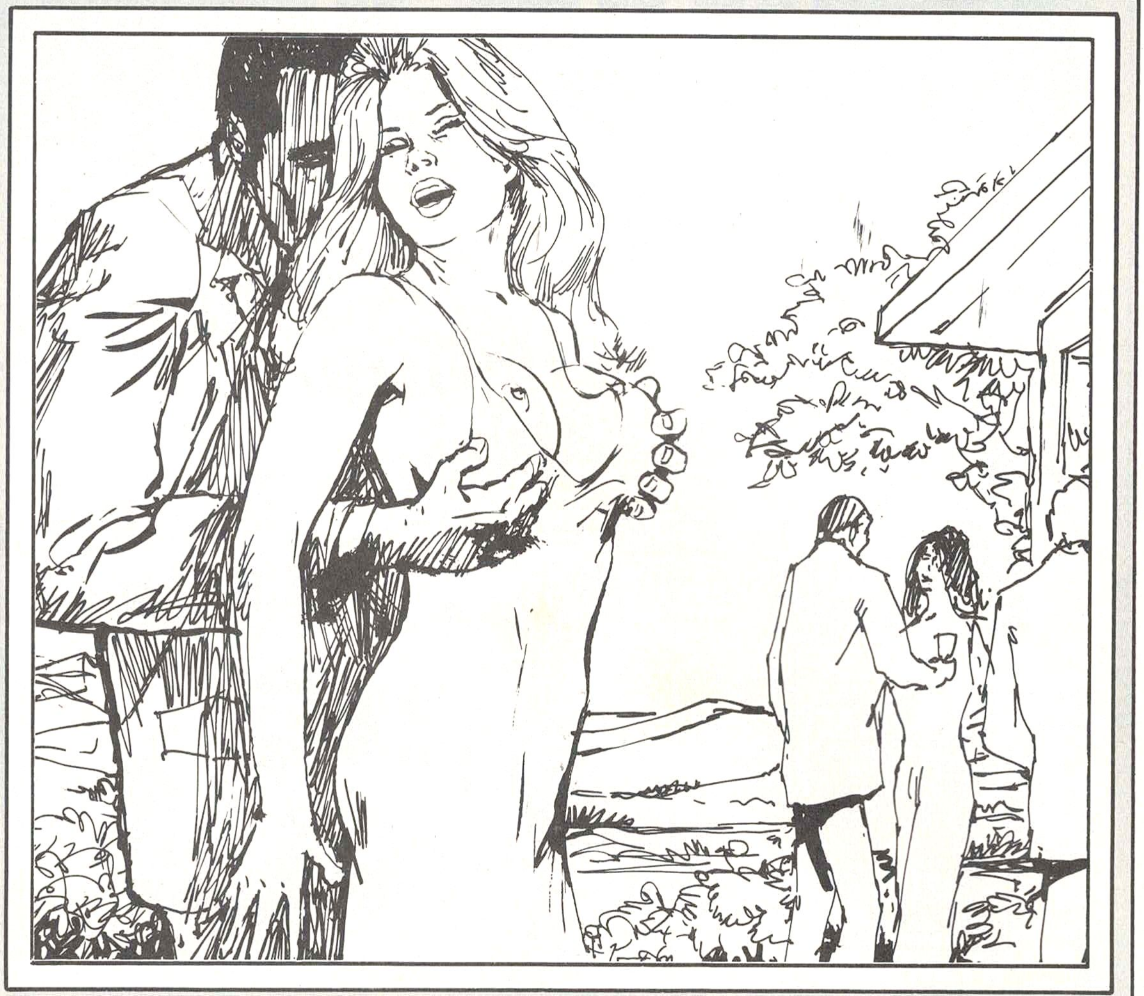
There were several spare pieces which I fancied, but none more so than a tall black girl from Gabon, who had tits the size of melons and an arse which looked as though you could comfortably use it for a pillow, and get a good night's rest into the bargain!

But all thoughts of slumber were far from my mind as I led her into a small but well-appointed bedroom off the main courtyard and asked her in my rather ropey French if she wanted to fuck. She laughed and told me to turn my back while she undressed. Feeling rather foolish, I inspected an Old Master on the nearest wall while my ears caught the sound of silky material slithering to the floor, then her voice told me I could turn round. The randy bitch was lying on the edge of the bed with her legs wide apart and holding her gaping red flap open with the fingers of both hands, grinning at me and licking her tongue round her big lips as she left me in no doubt as to where she wanted it.. But tonight was different..

I had been introduced to Jane, the South African bird, as soon as I arrived, and we liked the look of each other immediately. She was on the short side, which I've never really thought to be too much of a drawback in a woman as long as everything else is in proportion, and she had nice curly blonde hair which flooded down her bare shoulders, which is usually a positive advantage. Of course, when a bird is fully aware of how well-turned-out she is, and the kind of effect she is having on her companions, this is also a plus, and Jane knew exactly what she was up to: she'd dressed in an off-the-shoulder white satin evening gown which showed off her tanned, pleasantly bony shoulders to perfection, and cut in half way down the upper slopes of her smooth light-brown breasts, the bodice forming a line just an inch or so above the nipples which were all the more enticing because of their being hidden in this way. Her tits themselves looked about 36-C or thereabouts, and I could hardly wait to get my hands on them – likewise the bulging globes of her backside, which shifted sexily whenever she moved her weight from foot to foot; as I've said, she knew exactly how to dress to show off the advantages of her body, and a man could get a hard-on just looking at her, fully clothed though she was.

So we stood and chatted out on the patio of my friend's apartment, drinking cool cocktails and altogether feeling like a million dollars, while the sun plumped down behind the next street in a flood of angry crimson – the colour of sex! I never remember what it is one says on these occasions; in fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear a tape-recording of myself chatting up a bird in this kind of situation, and find that I'd simply been uttering grunts and growls like an animal on heat! It doesn't matter, you see, what the fuck you talk about are the opinions you express: what counts is the secret language of eye and mouth and body-movement as you manoeuvre yourself closer and closer to the chick in question, always pretending to be super-attentive, treating her as if she were a queen, when she knows full well that what you really want is to treat her like the lowest, cheapest whore...

Jane and I spent a good quarter of an hour on that patio while the other guests chattered and pretended to laugh at each other's jokes a few yards away, and nobody came to butt in on us, it must have been so patently obvious how well the pair of us were getting on together. She had a really pretty way of smiling, throwing her head back slightly and baring her white but slightly uneven teeth and then, as she closed her pretty mouth again, running the tip of her pink wet tongue along her upper lip, a little quivering point of flesh



which was calculated to increase my body temperature every time she did it. And then she had the habit of turning the top half of her body from time to time, swivelling from the hips in order to show off the near-perfection of her bust-line, and as the evening gathered around us, and we seemed shut off from the rest of the party in our own little cocoon of private darkness, I interrupted her in mid-sentence to lean forward quickly and briefly to kiss her opened lips and run my own tongue darting into her mouth.

Jane stopped talking, breaking off in mid-word, and shifted her whole body towards me, nestling urgently up to me in the twilight, pressing her soft tits into my chest and turning up her face for a proper kiss. Being a proper gentleman first and foremost, I of course removed the half-empty glass from her hand and set it down on a low stone wall, then turned back to her and bent down and shoved my tongue straight down her throat. She caught her breath and put both arms up and around the back of my neck, pulling me insistently down to her as our lips met in a firm, slurping embrace, and we licked each other's mouths with complete abandon.

The result of her thrusting her warm young body into mine, and purring sexily into my mouth was almost enough to make me come in my pants. I hadn't been laid for several days past, and the combination of cocktails and sunset and now this sexy blonde who was obviously going to be mine for the night had got me worked up almost to the point of no return. I pulled her bodily into the corner of the patio, so that we were now well and truly hidden from the other guests, and reached a hand under her wide-flaring evening dress, tugging it high above her knees and running my hand over her thighs, which I was delighted to feel were completely and utterly naked, a pair of tanned, smooth, satin-soft limbs which thrust themselves wantonly against my wandering hand as her knees pressed together involuntarily...

Growing ever bolder, I stroked my way up the inside of her incredibly tender thighs and found the bulge of her hot panties, which seemed to jump into my cupped hand as I rubbed her clit from the outside and she buried her face in my neck and whispered, in that charming colonial accent of hers:

"Give me a knee-trembler!"

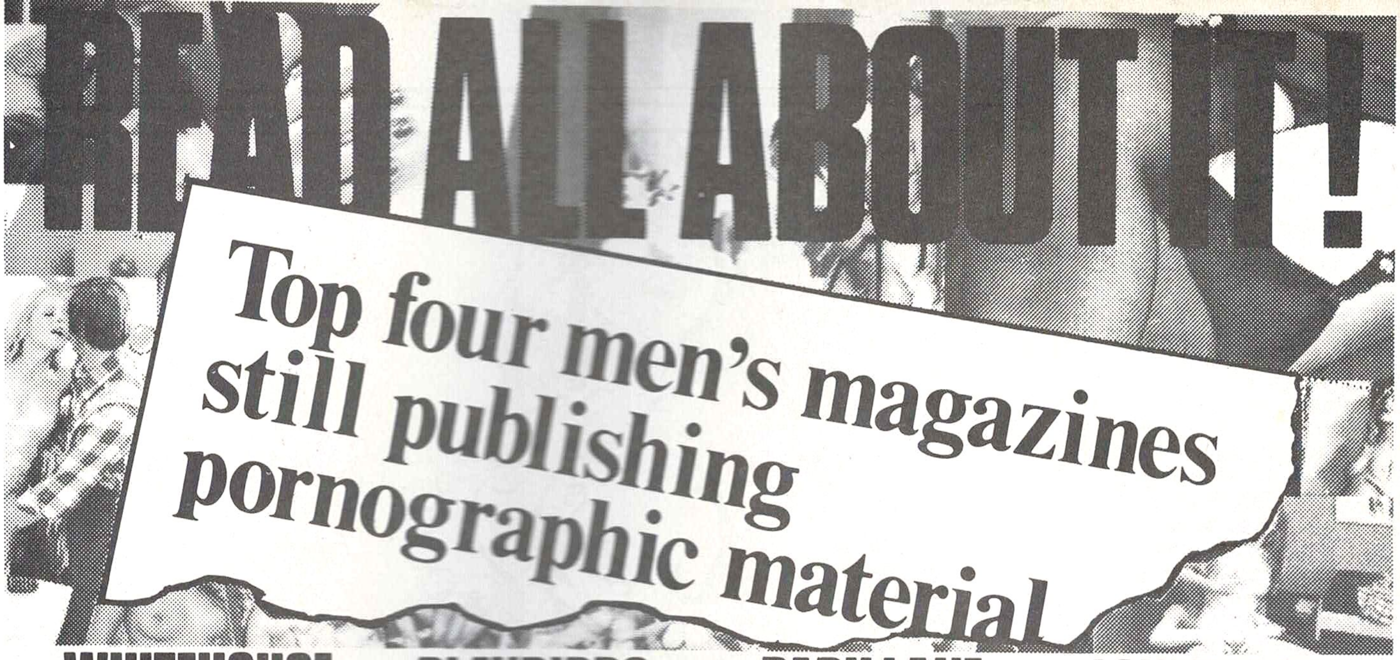
This was, of course, exactly what I had intended doing all along, but the trouble was that I am quite a tall bloke, and because of her diminutive height, I was made to look even taller. This was getting to be a bit like Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake: what the hell was I supposed to do – stand in a trench? With the presence of mind which usually goes with an open and carefree attitude to fucking, Jane solved the problem without its even being put into words between us: holding on to my shoulders, she clambered up onto the low stone wall, so that our heads were now more or less on the same level, and thrust her sexy wet tongue between my lips once more as I yanked her panties down over the swell of her generous bum-cheeks, over her statuesque legs, and tugged them away from her tiny feet, finally letting them drop into a tub which contained the host's pride and joy – a tall laurel tree!

For a minute or so I made her stand on the wall with her feet well apart while I got both hands working on her pussy, though there wasn't really all that much need of pre-intercourse stimulation in this case, for her cunt's outer lips spread easily for me as soon as my fingers probed her hot moist gash, and soon I was thrusting and mauling and screwing three bunched digits around and around in her yielding sheath. She aquealed into my ear and bit the lobe sharply, jiggling her crotch into my hand as I frigged her towards an inevitable orgasm. By now I was wanking her so hard, her whole body was jerking around above my forearm, and I was running my wrist under her bristly burning hot cleft and twisting it savagely so that she yelped with ecstasy, then extending my middle finger and clawing it back towards me, reaming her tight clenched anus and then immediately the bottom corner of her deep slit, ploughing my finger up her wet soft furrow all the way up to her budding clitoris, which I then clenched firmly between the second joints of two fingers and tugged and tweaked and vibrated it so hard and fast she collapsed forward over my shoulders and abandoned herself to a shattering orgasm...

"I WAS WANKING HER SO HARD, HER WHOLE BODY WAS JERKING AROUND..."

Of course, we had by this time thrown all semblance of caution to the wind, and I am sure that the other guests, round the corner from us, were using the sounds of our sex-play as a cover for their own activities – as I have said, it was one of those parties where one is expected to fuck and suck at least *one* bird before you leave, and the fact that I had started the proceedings rather earlier than usual hardly made any difference – it simply meant that a lot less breath was wasted on bullshit!

Waiting for Jane's climax to subside, I removed my wanking hand and tenderly stroked the curve of her buttocks, letting my fingers walk their way down the inner slope of her marvellous buttocks. She seemed to like this immensely, for she snuggled up even closer as her heavy breathing subsided, and started whispering the most outrageous obscenities into my ear. The sound of her soft voice talking about sex-acts with the vocabulary of a docker made me remove my hand immediately and yank down the zip of my flies, pulling my knob out into the cool evening air and



READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Top four men's magazines still publishing pornographic material

WHITEHOUSE · PLAYBIRDS · PARK LANE · LOVEBIRDS

WHITEHOUSE
PLAYBIRDS
Park Lane
Strip Club Audition
Practical Lusts
2 girls together

Covers the most amazing and sometimes amusing explicit sex sequences in print. Fully uncensored glossy colour pages bring you – The man with the 16" penis, and the girl who is able to take it. Also dozens of unretouched actual penetration/intercourse shots in close up, oral sex, mutual masturbation, uniformed sets, i.e. traffic wardens, nurses and many more.

Its regular features make it a magazine that you want to read regularly – the stage by stage guide to sex, fantasy fiction, the disappearing fruit and veg set – regular articles on V.D., Birth control, Sexual massage, Bondage, Rubberwear, Big boobs, the list is endless but copies of Whitehouse may not be. Ensure your copy by taking out a subscription.

FREE OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS

A subscription to any of the magazines – using the coupon – entitles you to a 100 page W/A action magazine. A subscription of any two magazines – using the coupon, entitles you to the above offer plus two colour porno magazines. These magazines are imported from Denmark and will be sent with your first subscription.

Continues to bring you new style porn, recently we took a colour porn duo-set, in broad daylight around Europes landmarks – imagine having it away at the Berlin wall? Plus regular pictorial stories like single girl masturbation, using some of the biggest 'tools' handy to most girls, two men taking one girl at the same time! fascinating close-up photography here. Lesbian action with the big butch female teaching her randy young lover more and more. A real turn-on with every page.

HOW TO ORDER

To make sure of YOUR copy

1) Order a copy from your local newsagent OR
2) Mail order from our Mail Order agents: Roandale, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 (all goods sent by return under plain cover)
3) CALL IN PERSON AT
South London – The Whitehouse Shop, 1539 London Road, Norbury SW16. Just one minute from Norbury Station (15 mins from Victoria by BR).
East London – The Private Shop, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7. Just two minutes from Forest Gate BR Station, 2 stops from Liverpool St. or ten minutes from Upton Park District Line Tube.

Both shops are open 9.30 am – 6.00 pm weekdays 9.30 am – 3.45 pm Sats. Late night Wednesday until 8.00 pm.

Lots of erotic stories and photo sequences in period costume. Victoriana, young Jany sees what daddy gives the maid and gets the same thing from the stable lad. Jamaica 1850 – The female plantation owner has dozens of black slaves and they have to work all day in the fields too! And there's lots more like it in Park Lane. All our photo sequences feature big cocks and girls who would like them bigger, see close-ups as it happened at single girl sex, duo, group and lesbianism. It's the best you can get.

Each month we choose one girl for our main feature and we say to her "you choose how we expose you in Lovebirds". Alice who is in one of the next few issues, chose 'three men with big cocks because I have not had that before'. The thought of all three taking her at once really turned her on, and the fellers, and me. The result is one of the horniest set of porno pictures ever to be published. Look out for Alice soon, plus lots of pussy shots, duo, group, orgy and lesbian sequences and sexy stories.

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I enclose £
Signed
(I am over 18)

Would you like regular mailings YES/NO

"SHE WAS RACKED BY THE MOST POWERFUL FEMALE ORGASM I HAVE EVER WITNESSED, HER CRIES OF LUST BOUNCING AROUND THE PATIO..."

giving it a couple of shakes to make sure it was fully hard, then stepping one pace forward and pushing the girl's weight back onto the wall.

Jane righted herself in front of me and I caught her intake of breath as she parted her soft thighs once more, now running with lubricating juice, and waited to get fucked. I presented the head of my cock to the mouth of her hungry cunt, then pushed forward from the hips, so that I jerked slowly all the way in up to the hilt, while she moaned in the back of her throat and made little whimpering noises of pure unbridled lust. The feel of her hot wet sheath engulfing my hard-on with a sure embrace was absolutely out of this world, and when I started thrusting upwards, my hands clasping her buttocks to preserve our balance, it was like fucking a jar of warm honey. Her juices streamed over my pistoning shaft and liberally lubricated my swinging balls, until my entire pubic region was soaking with her hot love juice. Meanwhile she was rapidly approaching her second climax, and I myself doubted whether I could hold my seminal fluid together much longer.

Jane stood on the wall with her skirt up round her waist, and deftly undid the bodice of her evening gown while I was still fucking her from below, and two ripe creamy soft breasts flopped out into my neck, a pair of wonderfully smooth and warm mammaries which were just dying to be licked and manhandled. I bent my head down as she threw her head back, and I got my lips over one big bouncing nipple and sucked the rubbery flesh all the way in between my teeth, sucked it harder and harder until not only her nipple but also a good half of her pliable, pendulous milk-jug was stuffed into my hungry mouth, and I was tasting her slightly sweaty flesh with my tongue buried beneath the weight of her tit.

This act alone was enough to make her squeeze her cunt-muscles over my rigid tool and climax like a steam-engine, hammering her hips into my crotch ten-to-the-bar as she was racked by the most powerful female orgasm I have ever witnessed, her cries of lust bouncing around the stone-faced patio like the call of some exotic bird – which I suppose is a fair description!

By the time this second come had calmed down enough for her to speak, my own orgasm was evidently imminent, and it was touch and go whether I could even stop and take a breather or whether I would simply have to stand there like an idiot and wait for my spunk to come spurting up inside her. But as I was slowing my shagging to an easy, lolloping rhythm, Jane thrust the tip of her tongue right into my ear and said: "I want you to spunk over my tits! I want to feel your come all over me!"

Well, this was certainly not an opportunity to be missed, and the idea of giving this young lady the spunk-bath she craved appealed to me immensely, so I tugged my stiffer out of her clutching cunt and let her flop down bodily in front of me. She sat down on the low stone wall, and took my sticky rod between her slender hands, blowing over the overexcited tip as though to cool it down! All the while I was screwing up the heavy sexual flesh of her bristols, acquainting myself with the resting ground of my come, which by now was seething and lurching around in my ballocks like some caged animal.

As I titted her off, pulling the creamy bulk of her knockers as far apart as they would go and releasing them together so that they swung back flabbily on her chest, she slowly but firmly wanked my straining erection to the point of no return, pulling the foreskin over the head of my glans so that her bunched fingers rubbed heavily over the collar of my shaft, then pressing hard down the height of my rod until the base of her hand was resting in my pubic hair, which now was utterly drenched in her own sex-juice. From time to time she would lean forward and flick the tip of her tongue into the tiny slit at the end of my acorn, which was weeping clear fluid in anticipation of my spunk-up, or she would slurp her whole tongue around the naked knob, licking up the combination of cunt-juice and lubricating fluid...

Naturally enough, under the combined assault of tongue and fist, I simply stood there trembling like a billy-goat and teetering on the knife-edge of orgasm while this lovely blonde slowly brought me off. Suddenly I felt that heavy twinge under my ballocks as my spunking muscle contracted violently, and I tugged Jane's fulsome knockers to form a sort of artificial cunt, a deep warm groove into which I thrust my cock at the very moment it recoiled and flooded her dark cleavage with flying come. As I stood there and pumped the contents of my balls between her pendulous tits, I saw an absolute fountain of spunk squirt up from the top of her cleavage and spray the underside of her chin, splashing back down over her throat and the upper slopes of her tits like the spout of a whale. She giggled sexily and clasped one hand round the neck of my ball-sack, gently milking it as my prick jerked her jugs all over the place, liberally spattering her upper torso until she was one sticky mess from navel to mouth...

"What a marvellous spunk-up!" she purred, rubbing my come into her bristols and squeezing the last drops of thick jissom from the end of my tool with the other. Here, evidently, was a young lady who delighted in the fruit of a man's balls, even dipping her fingertips in it and raising it to her lips to savour the taste of it as it dried and cooled in the evening breeze. When she had massaged all of it into her creamy tits, I helped her back into the bodice of her evening dress, stuffing the still sticky globes of her jugs into the smooth material, tweaking her nipples one last time before we went into dinner. But when I picked up her damp knickers to help her on with them, she simply said, "Oh, I don't think I'll be needing *them!*" and laughed in the back of her throat. So I stuffed the panties in my pocket as a keepsake – I think I might have them still!

After dinner the party split up into couples once more, but Jane and I were unwilling to swap each other for fresh partners, and had an ecstatic shag on our host's waterbed while he gave it to his au pair from behind, down on all fours like a couple of dogs in heat on the landing carpet. But this time, when I had fucked Jane well and truly, and let her know that my sperm was on its way, she wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me in as tight to her as she could and clutched her cunt-muscles round my tool as it spat fire into her sheath again and again and again...

"We haven't been introduced!" shouted a voice in my ear. "I'm Liz!"

I turned, suddenly jerked out of my reminiscenses, and saw a tall, leggy redhead in a dress made from a couple of semi-transparent peasant scarves and very little else, standing on one leg and giggling at me. In her hand she held a cup of Barry's famous punch, which I took from her and eagerly swallowed. I told her my name and suggested we find a quieter spot.

As we threaded our way upstairs through the mass of people who might have been part of the loo-queue, or possibly not – I don't think half of them knew for certain themselves – I grabbed the redhead's hand and dragged her round a corner of the upstairs landing, suddenly remembering that it was possible to get out onto Barry's roof if you had the head for heights, through a little trap door in the ceiling outside one of the bedrooms. From the room itself came the confused sounds of an orgy in progress – a sudden girlish cry of "Do it there, oh *fuck!*" – and I surmised that that's where our host would be at this moment.

I clambered onto a set of steps and helped the redhead up through an angle of the roof and then we were both suddenly nestling against the eaves, in a little hollow of our own, high above the sweaty party while the westerning sun sank bloodily below the next street – with a start I realised that this was exactly the same situation and time of day as my fuck with Jane five weeks previously, which had been the cause of my indisposition.

Liz suddenly said, "Barry told me you'd had the clap. Well – so did I, and tonight is my first night on the booze again... Cheers!"

So we toasted each other in plastic beakers of punch, both relaxing at the thought that the pair of us could now proceed to get drunk and fuck the arse off each other without fear of medical complications. And as the sun finally set in a blaze of red light, I tore back the scarf-dress from her long lithe body and buried my face in her welcoming crotch. It was great to be back in action.

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JENNY

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CAMERA CLUB

BY JOHN FRAMPTON

After twenty-three years at sea, the last two in command, I found myself on the beach at the comparatively young age of thirty-nine. I had thought I had a career for life and loved the sea but unfortunately there was a slump in shipping and I, like so very many others, found I was made redundant. The first two years ashore were pretty grim as I found that working conditions were entirely different to those I had been used to at sea. Again I had been in the position to give the orders and now I had to get back into the way of taking them again. Altogether not an easy thing to do.

As if this were not enough I had the added problem of the girls. Not that I had been in the habit of ragging, bagging, and shagging my way around the world but at the same time I had not refused any bit of spare nooky that happened to come my way. Granted I had many happy memories of numerous voluptuous little ravers I had screwed in the past but these memories were about as much use to me as wank for a man with no hands. To start with I satisfied my desires by making use of one or two prostitutes even although the idea of making use of a whore to get rid of the dirty water had never really appealed much to me in the past. Not that I have any objection to these obliging girls and indeed I am of the opinion that they perform a useful and valuable service. Were it not for them and their likes I am certain there would be many more rapes and other sexual assaults. It does seem strange that the very girls they make safer, that is the so-called 'respectable' girls, are the very ones who condemn the prostitute most. I would go further and suggest that if we were to have legal organised brothels in this country sex attacks might even almost disappear. However that is only a dream and with so many 'do-gooders' around I suppose it is much too much to hope it will ever come to that. However I digress but it is a point I do feel strongly about if for no other reason than the whores I went to at least kept me reasonably sane.

I think I really began to get used to a shore job when I obtained my present post after my two year long struggle. I admit it was nice to have a regular and reasonably good salary cheque arriving at the end of each month and perhaps the security this gave me helped me to settle better. Anyway I mark my return to the human race from that time and since then I must admit I have lost my desire to return to the sea. I am enjoying this shore life too much now to want to change back.

While I had been at sea I had developed an interest in photography and now that I could afford a few luxuries again I renewed my hobby. I was by no means great at it at that time although I did make a number of nice pictures. When I came to try to sell some, though, it was a very different story. I began to think I would be able to paper the walls with rejection slips and it became obvious to me I was only wasting money in trying to get my pictures accepted. I had a look at a few photographic courses but decided they were far too expensive for me to risk at that particular time. I had made up my mind to restrict my photography to simple pleasure when I saw an advertisement in the local paper for a Camera Club. I wrote to the Club Secretary and, although I had no way of knowing it at the time, it was to make an enormous difference to my life.

A week after I had written my letter I received a reply from the Secretary. This was to the effect that I should come to their next meeting the following Wednesday evening and, if I liked what I saw and heard, I could pay the modest subscription and join. If not I could simply go away and that would be the end of that. This seemed a perfectly fair offer to me so I replied and said I would be along at the appointed time and place on the Wednesday.

I took my camera along with me just in case it was needed though on this particular night we were having a Speaker to give a lecture on how to make the most of simple equipment. The Secretary met me and introduced me to a few members. They were astonishingly friendly and made me feel at ease right from the start. I took to them immediately and knew I would enjoy their company. This had nothing to do with the fact that, much to my surprise, the majority of the members were female! Somehow, though for no good reason, I had always thought of photography as a male hobby. I was very pleased to find I was wrong!

The meeting that night went exceptionally well so that I paid my fee on the spot and became a full member right away. I attended the meetings every second Wednesday, gaining much knowledge and making lots of friends. After a couple of

"FOR THE LAST FEW MONTHS I'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE GETTING UP, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...!"

months I felt sufficiently confident to enter a Club Competition and found, to my surprise, that I was awarded Second Prize. I followed this success a couple of meetings later by walking off with the First Prize in another competition and, although I did not get much money out of it, these two prizes more than paid for my subscription. It was after I had won the second competition that I became more friendly with Betty.

I had found myself sitting beside her at the third meeting I had attended at the Club and had found a kindred spirit in her. Although she had an absorbing interest in photography her efforts to date had not been tinged with success. I told her I was in exactly the same position and with that much in common we fell into an easy friendship. Since Betty lived with her husband on my way to and from the Club she accepted my offer to take her there and bring her home at each meeting. Robert, her husband, was all in favour of this arrangement mainly, I suspected, because it saved him getting their car out and driving Betty himself since she could not drive and he had no interest in photography.

At that moment in time nothing happened between Betty and me though I fancied her a lot. Tall and slim she had a good figure and I was amazed to learn that she was thirty-nine last birthday. I had put her at around thirty-one or so. Being more of a tit man than anything I admit I had judged her age by the appearance of her breasts. Not that I had seen them fully exposed but one evening during the summer when she had on a low-cut blouse I was treated to a good view of the deep cleavage between her smooth boobs. High and firm they were also full and I envied Robert his ability to get his hands on them any time he liked. I would have given a lot for that pleasure but at that moment it seemed this would never happen. Still I got a certain amount of pleasure just looking at the swell of her bust though it did tend to cause me some frustration.

Matters remained like this right through the first session I was a member. At the A.G.M. towards the end of the session I found I had been nominated to become a Committee Member for the next year and accepted this honour gladly. It gave me an added interest and then it dawned on me it would complicate things a bit for Betty and me. The reason for this was that in addition to the normal Committee meeting it happened more often than not that the Committee were required to wait behind at the end of each meeting for one reason or another. This meant that if I was to continue to drive Betty to and fro she would be that much late getting home. At the same time I had become fond of her and did not want to give up taking her in my car.

I mentioned this problem to Betty as I was driving her home from the last meeting of the session. She could not see any difficulty in it but agreed I should perhaps tell Robert what was likely to happen next session. His reaction positively astounded me.

While Betty made the usual cup of coffee I told Robert the problem as I saw it. He listened politely until I had finished then, just as Betty came back into the room, he said, "I can't see what you're worrying about at all. As far as I'm concerned you can keep her out as long as you like!"

I wondered if I detected a bit of matrimonial strife, which was the last thing I wished to be party to, and said as much. Robert and Betty looked at each other then burst out laughing. When she had recovered sufficiently Betty chortled, "You should have seen your face John! It was a hoot! No, it's nothing like you think, Robert and I are far too much in love with each other for that, but he does have a problem and maybe you can help."

I was getting totally confused by this time and mumbled something about being glad to do anything for them I could. Robert then told me what it was all about.

"For the last few months I've been having trouble getting it up, if you know what I mean," he began. "From that point of view I think Betty has had the worst end of the problem. Let me put it this way. I had a mild heart attack last year and no doubt due to the drugs I had to take we found that when I was fit enough again the best I could raise was a half hard-on. That wasn't all of it either. The worst part was that while I couldn't get my prick hard enough to poke Betty I would shoot my load as soon as she touched me. This meant that I was getting some sort of satisfaction but Betty was being left up in the air. We got round that by me eating her pussy and bringing her off that way but I know, even if she will not say so out loud, that there are many times when she longs for a man to be stuffed up her quim. We've talked about it rather vaguely once or twice but since I still have the difficulty in raising a good enough root and also that I know she rather fancies you, John, I think this is as good a time to discuss it as any. If I've offended you please forgive me but I'm only doing this for Betty."

There was a long silence as I looked from one to the other then I said in a voice full of wonder, "Are you saying that your wife wants me to fuck her and that you'd have no objections, Robert?"

"Blunt but to the point," Betty chipped in with a nervous giggle.

"Yes but only if you would like to take her of course. I mean I wouldn't want you to try it out of a misguided sense of honour or anything like that any more than Betty would," Robert said quietly. "Tell me honestly. Do you fancy her yourself?"

Now here at last was a question I could answer perfectly truthfully. "I've fancied her ever since the first time I saw the cleavage between her tits," I replied. "You may as well know I'm a bit of a breast man and you, Betty, have the nicest pair of top bumpers I've seen in many a long day. Not that I've seen them naked of course, but I've been quite turned on by the little I have seen."

"That's good enough for me," said Robert. "I'll leave you two to it and I hope you'll find

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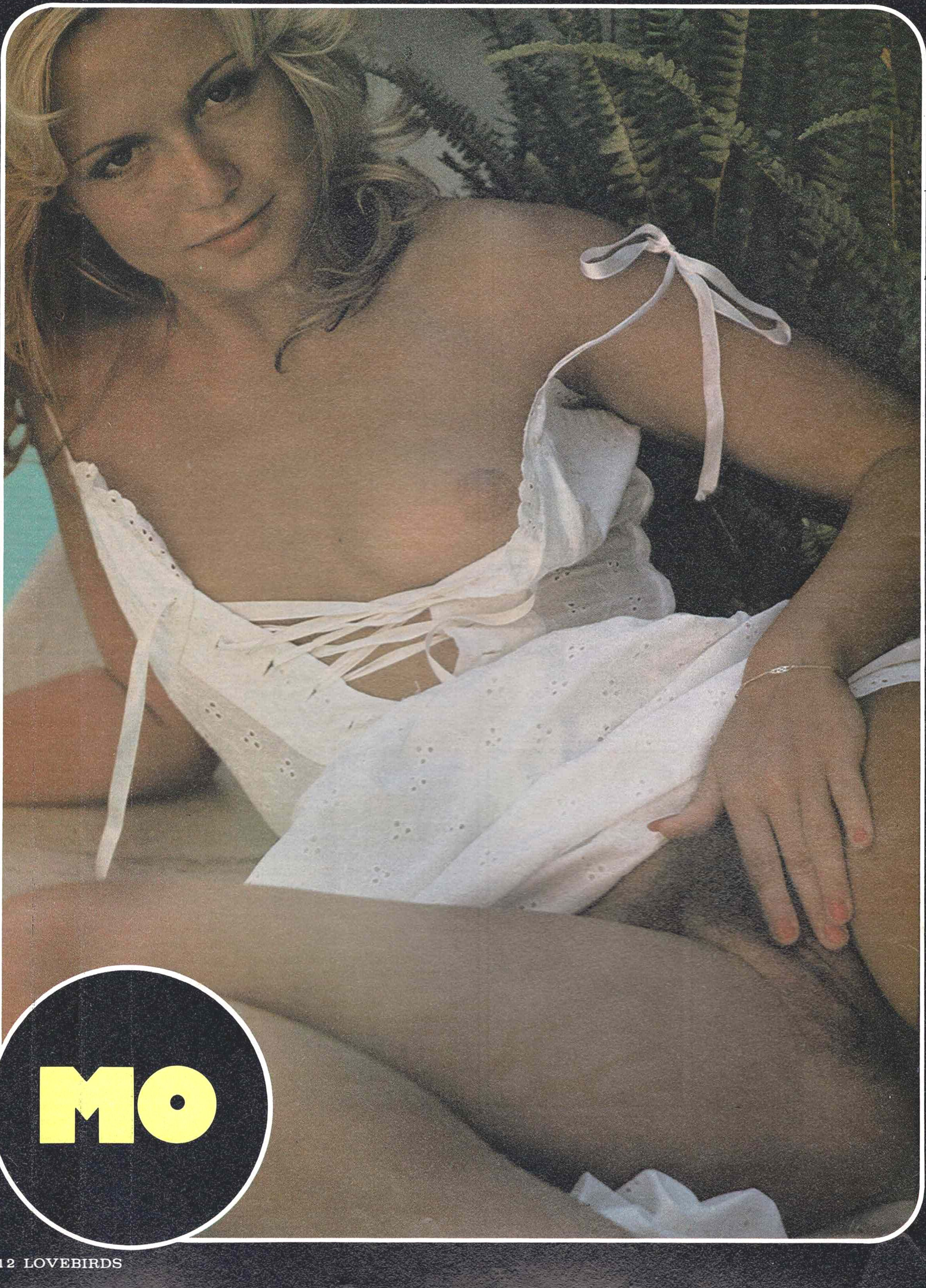

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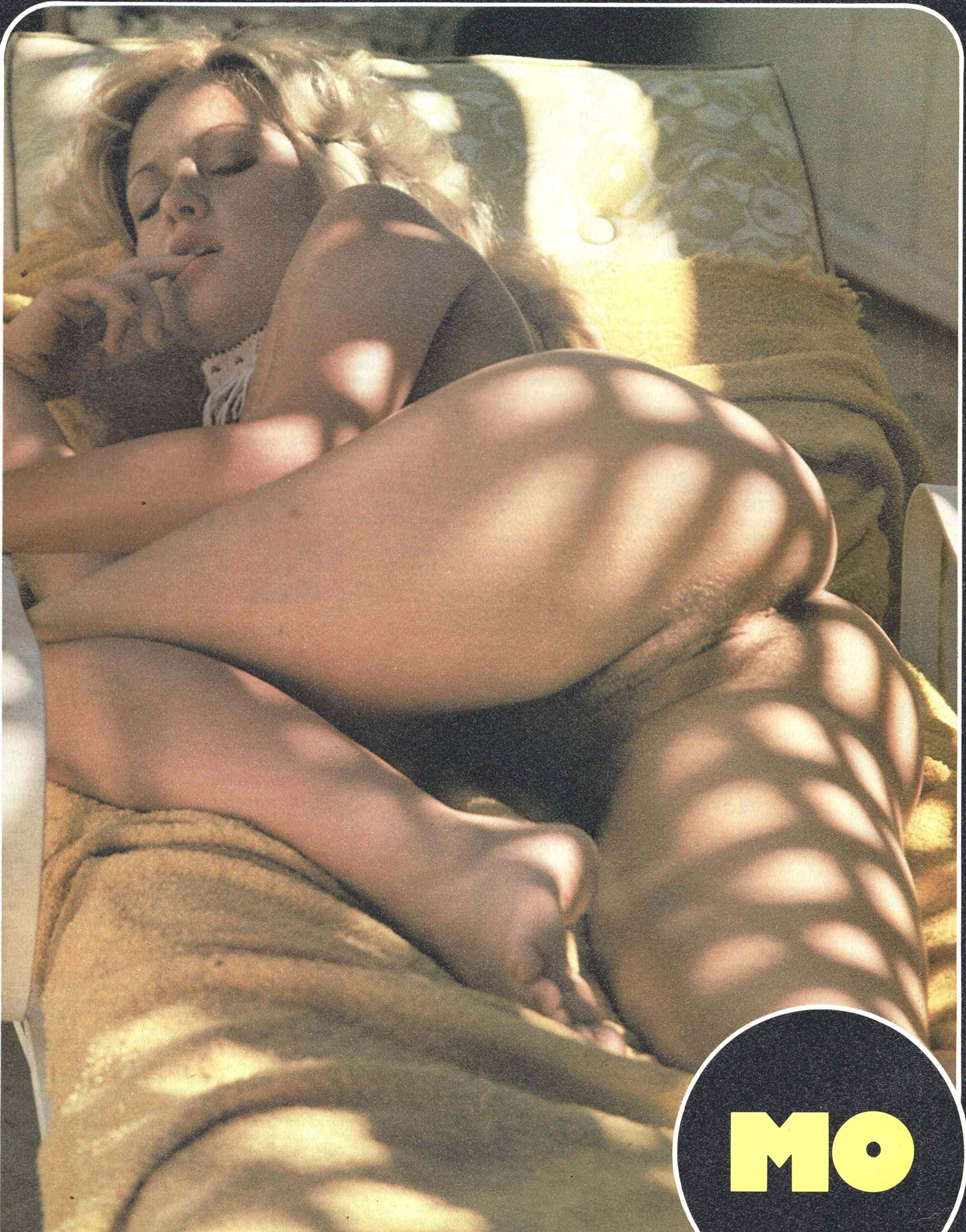
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CAMERA CLUB

Continued from page 11

she's as good as I've known her to be. All I would ask is that you don't blame her too much if she doesn't stimulate you enough at the start. She's a bit out of practice, poor girl."

"Don't worry about a thing. I'll be as gentle and understanding with her as I can be. One thing though. What are the chances of me making her pregnant?"

"Nil! I'm on the Pill so we're perfectly safe," she assured me.

At that Robert wished us happy screwing and picking up his coffee he left us together. Now the moment of truth had come we sat eyeing each other nervously for a few minutes until Betty finally said, "Look, John. This is just bloody stupid. We both know we're going to fuck eventually and yet we're sitting here like a pair of dummies. Let's not fight it. I can see the bulge of your prick rising and my pussy is getting wet so come and sit beside me at least."

She was so right and I rose gratefully out of my chair to cross over and join her on the settee. As I approached her she deliberately removed her blouse and revealed her lush treasure chest supported by a black nylon platform bra. While holding her tits it did not conceal them in any way so that I was given a clear unobstructed view of both her smooth globes in all their lovely glory. Each full firm boob was tipped by a dark pouting nipple surrounded by a slightly lighter large spreading aureole. For a tit man like myself it was a sight beyond compare I sat down quickly beside her and placed a hand over her soft left breast feeling the teat press hard into my palm.

As soon as she felt my hand clasp her boob firmly she let out a hiss of breath in anticipation then her arms went around my neck as she clamped her mouth over mine. While I massaged her left tit I fumbled for her bra clasp until I finally found and unhooked it. Next I raised the loosened bra up over her gorgeous knockers allowing my hands free rein as they flew from one fabulous tit to the other.

There was no doubt Betty enjoyed having her breasts fondled in this manner as her kissing became more urgent she squirmed in her seat. Her tongue battered against my lips until she forced them apart. I felt her tongue glide deep into my mouth, rasping against my own, as we French kissed. Our tongues curled round each other in our passionate embrace as we turned on at a furious pace.

I have no idea how long we kept up this sexy kissing but what I do know is that I began to have an uncomfortable feeling in the region of my crotch. With the sight and feel of her titties my prick had begun to rise and fill as much as my underpants would allow it. I knew it was half curled up inside my pants and though my briefs were sexy they were also tight, small, and unyielding. They were supposed to be made of stretch nylon but in the confines of my trousers they did not have much of a chance. The tightness in my nudger forced my foreskin to retract fully of its own accord which only added to my discomfort. Sadly I removed a hand from Betty's boobs to settle my cock more comfortably, or at least to try it, but Betty, bless her heart, divined my intention right away. She took an arm from around my neck and replaced my hand on her heaving bosom. Then her hand went to my crotch. For what seemed an eternity she traced the outline of my cock bulge through my trousers with her fingers. I say it seemed like an eternity but that was only because of the ache in my balls and prick. In point of fact it was more likely only seconds before I felt her fumbling at the zip of my fly. I raised my buttocks off the settee to give her a better chance and then the wondrous relief as my fly zip was pulled all the way down.

As soon as my trousers gaped open at the front my engorged cock swelled out through the opening. Tightly encased in my bright red underpants my sexual equipment took on the appearance of a smooth scarlet dome the sight of which did wonders for Betty. She enthused over the sight as she tried to figure a way to get her hand inside and hold my naked male meat. My breath coming in gasps I told her there was no peehole in my pants and she would need to stuff her hand down through the waistband to get to grips with my solid manhood. At that I felt her fingers caress my belly for a moment before stretching the top of my pants and sliding inside. The coolness of her fingertips on my turgid tool was soothing and thrilling at the same time. With deft twists of her wrist she succeeded in straightening my nudger out and eased the tip through the top of my pants so that my rod lay stiffly against my belly. Now it was out in the open I felt much more comfortable as I returned to my breast massaging. We kissed again; with much more urgency now.

I felt Betty's groping hand slide down the length of my shaft. Her wrist pressed firmly against the helmet of my knob while her fingers stroked and fondled my bollocks. Suddenly she wrenched her mouth away from mine to gasp, "I've really got the hots for you, John. Stuff your hand up my legs and goose my pussy hard. Oh for God's sake finger fuck me now!"

How could I refuse? I removed one hand from her stiff hard pointed teat and pushed it up under her skirt. I felt the top of her stockings and suspenders proving that she would undoubtedly prove to be a real live sexpot once she got going. My wandering fingers explored higher until they encountered the elastic of her panties. Cut high in the thigh they were satisfactorily soaking at the gusset. I wormed first one then two fingers inside her knickers feeling the wet pussy curls covering the sweet sex lips of her slit. The grip on my cock grew keener when I parted her swollen soggy pouting quim lips with my fingers and poked one slightly inside her steaming lovetube. The moment my knuckle touched her erect clit she squirmed with delighted lust and passion on the settee beside me. Now it could only be a question of time before I mounted her and we got on the job.

Our groping became more urgent, our kissing more demanding, our gtip on each other's privates more tenacious. My underpants were stretched across my thighs while I had Betty's panties halfway down to her knees. We wriggled and squirmed closer to each other until finally Betty could take it no longer. With a sobbing moan she muttered, "I want you, John. I want to feel your prick

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pumping up my hole. Take me now. Take me quick and hard!"

Being at a similar sexual pitch myself there was to be no problem in this for me. We released each other briefly to strip off though I managed to tell her I would prefer it if she were to keep her stockings and suspender belt on. I always find it more sexually stimulating if I can feel nylon as well as bare skin rubbing against my thighs when I have a ride with a girl like this. Happily Betty was only too pleased to concede to this request. Minutes later we were lying close together on the hearth rug, both to all intents and purposes stark naked.

This, the first good look I had had of her fanny, thrilled me to bits. A mass of thick curly dark pussy hair covered her crotch. The pink lips of her gleaming quim poked sexily through her fanny forest. Parted and wide open to receive my love poker I could hardly believe my good fortune at being in a position to fuck this adorable crack. She pulled me down hard onto her trembling body as her hand guided my rigid rod to the entrance of her spasm chasm. Then with a jerk of hips I was right up her snatch.

The suction of her cunt was terrific and here was a girl who really needed a good solid fucking. I let my tool soak in her juices for a few exciting moments. The warmth of her twat seeped through every fibre of my pulsating sex pole. Impaled on the end of it Betty threw her long legs over my back holding me tight up inside her pleasure pit. We lay thus for long seconds before starting our smooth steady grinding.

I screwed Betty's minge hard and steadily. I am sure my tool has seldom been harder but on this occasion it did not seem to be having the desired effect. As I shagged her solidly I felt her straining to reach her peak but with no success. I drifted a hand over the globes of her bottom and fingered her arse gently. This sent a swift ripple of pleasure through her but it still was not enough to tip her over the brink. It is a matter of pride with me that I give the girl every bit as much pleasure out of a fuck as I get myself. Sadly it did not seem to be working this time and I so wanted to satisfy Betty thoroughly. I could feel my spunk beginning to rise with the grip of her cunt on my cock and it took all my willpower to control myself. Something drastic would need to be done if I were to have any hope of bringing her off before I spurted my load up her. Then I had a flash of inspiration.

I remembered what Robert had said about eating her pussy and guessed that this was one way she was more used to. Betty groaned in frustration as she felt my spearing shaft slip out from her slit. Seconds later I had my head buried in her straining crotch with my lips pressed hard on her labia. The sexy woman smell of her saturated twat was overpowering. Her juices were flowing freely and I lapped up as much into her love channel. My lips brushed her hard clit causing her to jerk her hips, pressing her hairy fud hard into my face. Her hands clutched at my head as I ate the heart out of her quivering quim. Now she began her headlong rush towards her climax.

I heard her animal like moans every time she relaxed the pressure of her thighs on my ears. My plan seemed to be working so far. I had no intention of making her come like this on this occasion. All I wanted was to raise her to the point of no return then to return to normal fucking. It seemed important to me that she get used to the idea of coming when a man was spurting into her vagina at the same time again. The moment of truth arrived.

I felt her belly muscles tighten through the hand I had flat on it. Her thighs began to tremble and shake against my ears. I could feel the spasms building up inside her making her ready to erupt at any moment. Now was the time to put phase two into operation.

I withdrew my head from her crack but left my hand firmly on top of it. Again she moaned her frustration as though she could not believe anyone could be so cruel as to raise her to such heights of sexuality and then leave her hanging there. Appreciating her urgency to the full I swiftly spun myself round and plunged my solid shaft all the way up her steaming slit to the hilt. I felt her cunt muscles tighten round my prick as though to prevent it from ever coming out of her again. Then she gave herself to me body and soul.

Again my hands glided over her arse, this time with the desired result. With a long loud piercing screach she exploded in her cataclysmic orgasm. Her nails dug into my buttocks as she strained her crotch hard against me. I could feel her sex spasms through my pumping tool as I set about screwing her as hard as was humanly possible. Not only did I want to bring her off with my prick pounding up her quim; I wanted her climax to last for ages as well. I succeeded beyond my wildest dreams.

Betty released all her pent-up frustrations in this one long

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glorious fuck. She yelled and screamed, bit and scratched, as the climactic spasms roared and rocketted through her eager body. Her cunt alternately clasped my nudger tightly and relaxed and allowed me to pump her for all I was worth. My bum rose and fell as we developed our perfect fucking rhythm then I could hold out no longer.

I felt my love cream flow up my shaft then prepare to squirt out from my knob with the speed of an express train into her waiting tunnel. I groaned I was going to come to which she gritted, "Thrill me! Fill me! Drill me! Flood my cunt! Oh fuck me harder! Oh yes... Yes... Yesssss!"

I felt the large globs of my thick spunk shoot out into the warm security of her welcoming cavern. Again and again I spurted her twat, surprising even myself with the quantity of spunk I had to give her. We bashed and fucked each other as though there were no tomorrow, giving our all to the other. I felt the weakness creep over my thighs as I passed my peak and commenced the slow descent from my passionate heights to a more normal plane. Betty too began to ease up on her movements about the same time until we finally lay close together in happy finality. Our limbs were still entwined with my softening sex spear still buried up her soggy love hole. It was thus that Robert found us when he came back into the room a few minutes later.

I turned to look at him which caused my flaccid cock to slip out from Betty's slippery slit with a soft plop. She gave a strangled sob of genuine loss at this grabbing my come and juice covered willy in her hand. At the same time she gave her husband a thankful, grateful smile.

Robert was sitting on the settee with his dick hanging out through his open fly. It was rather on the small side, even making allowances for the fact that it was as soft as shit, but I have always considered that to be a relatively unimportant fact. It's not so much what you have as what you do with it. Robert's cock was a bright red in colour even though it was hanging limply between his thighs. Seeing we were both looking at it he said almost sheepishly, "I heard you two screwing and couldn't resist tossing myself off. I'm afraid I've made rather a mess on the dining room floor."

"Don't worry darling," Betty told him. "Did you raise a decent hard-on?"

"No such luck," he moaned. "It may have been a bit stiffer than at some other times but I still spunked off before it got real firm. Then it just went back down to as you see it now almost right away. But that doesn't matter. Were you satisfied pet?"

"And how!" she breathed. "I had a moment or two of panic when John stopped fucking my pussy and I thought he was going to give up. I was nearly there but couldn't quite make it. Then he ate my cunt until I was just about ready to blow my top but again stopped just before I came off. Only for a moment though. Seconds later I felt his prick rammed up my quim hard and, with his hands teasing my bum, I blew my mind. I feel I've really been fucked again. It was so wonderful!" At that she kissed me lightly on the lips then rose unsteadily to her feet.

I was still lying flat on my back on the floor and as Betty stepped over my supine body I had a perfect view of her passion pit. Her quim lips had folded but still gleamed with the mixture of her lovejuice and my come dribbling out through them. A tiny drop splashed onto my chest and was enough to give me the urge all over again. My cock gave an involuntary twitch and filled to the semi-hard state again; a fact Betty was quick to notice. With a giggle she said, "If that's your weapon getting ready for another bash I'm game!"

"Give a bloke a chance you bloody sex maniac!" Robert laughed at his wife, the laugh and the look he gave her taking the sting out of his words.

"Don't worry about me," I laughed back at him. "This friend of Betty's will raise his head pretty damn quick given the right encouragement. I've never had too much trouble in having an encore fairly soon after the first course." Then I had an idea. These people had been so very kind to me that I wanted to repay them in some way. If only Robert could have it off with Betty... It might never happen of course but it was worth a trial I reckoned.

"Listen, Robert. How would you like to stuff Betty like I've just done?"

"Chance would be a fine thing but have you forgotten I can't raise a hard enough horn to fuck her properly?"

"So you say," I told him. "However by your own admission you were so turned on by the fucking noises we were making a short while ago that you had to have a wank. No shame in that but it shows me that you're still capable of putting it together. I'll go further and say that your imagined impotence is all in your mind."

"Are you crazy?" he replied. "I've told you often enough I can get it up."

"Sure you've told me but I don't necessarily believe it. What I have in mind is that if you find you're getting a hard-on while I dip my wick in Betty again then all you'll have to do is take over from me. Now what could be simpler than that?"

"You mean you want me to watch you shagging my wife?"

"As long as Betty has no objections and I do think it might just help to get you in the mood. Also the fact that you've just jerked off should enable you to hold onto your spunk that little while longer. What d'you say, Betty?"

"It might just work," she replied. "Mind you I have the advantage. It seems to me that no matter what happens I'm going to be fucked again."

"You can bet your knickers on that, Betty," I assured her. "Come on! Let's get started."

Betty needed no urging and once again I found myself playing with her luscious tits. We rubbed crotches together as Robert stripped naked at Betty's suggestion. Once he was nude Betty hauled me across the floor until we were lying at Robert's feet as he sat on the settee. This meant that she could reach up and fondle his prick and balls while I was pleasuring her. She desperately wanted to be fucked by her husband. That much was obvious to me. I only hoped my plan would succeed.

Again my cock was sticking up firm and hard like a randy flagpole. Betty had it well in hand as I groped her twat and took one full ripe hard teat full into my mouth My hand at her snatch box quickly became wet as her juices began their flow all over again. She was turning on fast and a quick glance at Robert's dick showed she was doing quite a good job on that too. Although far from stiff it had enlarged somewhat and I took this to be an encouraging sign. If he could get this much hardness into it so soon after having come off there was no reason apart from his lack of confidence why he should not be able to raise a good enough beat.

Betty, with a prick in each hand, was doing everything she could. My hand was squeezing her tit and the other was squelching in her quim when I heard her urgent whisper that she thought Robert's tool was harder than she had known it to be for months. I had no way of proving or disproving this statement but I was prepared to take her word for it. Right enough it did seem to have more rigidity in it than a few moments before.

A couple of minutes later I suddenly felt Betty stiffen and knew her hole was ready for poking. Another quick look at Robert's chopper decided me

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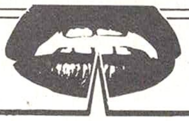

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that he could just about make it. I was counting on the fact that he would not spurt off again too quickly and also that when he had some cunt wrapped around if he would get a stormer of a hard-on. I muttered in Betty's ear that she should get Robert down on the floor and try to get his tool inside her. She gave my cock a grateful squeeze and hauled Robert down onto the floor by his rod.

When Robert landed beside us she left me alone to raise her bottocks, spread her thighs wide, and bend her knees. Her love gash glistened wetly as she took Robert's cock and rammed it up her hole. I saw the look of wonder cross his face as he realised that at long last he was poking his weapon into his wife's sheath. At least that much had been achieved.

Betty began to grind her hips in time with Robert's pumping motions and it was her turn to have that look of wonder cross her features. This could only mean that she could feel his penis swelling inside her vagina and this thrilled me almost as much as it did them. Then, giving me a thankful glance she pulled my prick and indicated by her direction that she wanted to go down on me at the same time as Robert was shafting her.

I felt my tool glide in between her full ruby lips then she was sucking and gobbling my shaft like a veteran. I was enjoying the sensations in my rod immensely when I heard Robert give a mournful groan to indicate he was about to shoot his load. I doubted if Betty was quite ready to come off but the object of the exercise this time was to boost Robert's confidence in his fucking ability. Accordingly I made a supreme effort and squirted my hot seed down her throat as Robert filled her quim with his sperm at the same time. Amazingly it worked.

With her mouth full of my pumping plunging tool Betty let it be known she was being thrilled to bits. A prick stuffed into her at each end at the same time was her idea of heaven; of that I am sure. Her coming was mild compared to the wild explosion when we had fucked but it was sufficient for the first real grind she had had with her husband for long enough.

All too soon this threeway suck was over – Robert would need to learn the art of prolonging the session for longer all over again – but short as it was it had to be voted a success. Actually I had thought initially that I would have had to get across Betty first before Robert got a good enough horn but happily it had not worked out quite like that. Just as well really. It would have meant I would have had to withdraw my prick to let Robert enter her hole with his which might just have upset things a bit. However it had not happened like that and there was no point in worrying about what the result would have been if it had. All I said as we rolled apart was, "Do you still think I'm crazy, Robert?"

"Christ no! You're a bloody genius!"

"Glad to have been of service," I replied, modestly.

"I'll try to keep it up; and I mean IT UP!" Robert grinned at us both.

Betty kissed her husband fondly then turned back to me. "Poor Robert looks properly fucked. How about pulling on some clothes and coming into the kitchen to help me make some supper, John? I'd rather see you naked I admit but the curtains are thin in the kitchen and neighbours can be funny about these things."

I agreed and when we were sort of dressed I went through to the kitchen with her. As soon as we got in she kissed me hard, squeezing me to her. When we broke apart she said, "Thanks for making everything so wonderful for us again. I agree Robert would not have brought me off with his prick but you fixed that by filling my mouth with your cream. He doesn't need to know that of course."

"I agree entirely. Now he thinks he has fucked you to your climax he'll go from strength to strength. The only thing that upsets me is that we put it together so nicely and now that you can get it all from Robert it could be said I've just fucked my way out of a good job!"

"Bollocks, John dear. You don't think either Robert or I would cast you aside like a well-used French letter do you? We've too much to be grateful to you for. Rest assured I've one cunt hole that'll always be available for stuffing by you."

All I could do at that time was to embrace her passionately and then we got the supper organised. When she repeated as much of our conversation to Robert as she thought was good for him he hastily agreed that I should be able to get my end away with Betty any time we liked.

It was after supper that Betty and I put what we had learned at the Camera Club to good use. With Robert's help we took loads of pictures of each of us, singly and together, in the nude. I don't know if we'll ever get any of them published but at least they serve to remind us of the happy time we had that night.

Robert's 'affliction' is now permanently cured and both he and Betty are indescribably happy. I like to think I have been partly responsible for this happiness in my own small way. Actually when I said as much to Betty she grabbed me by the nudger and said something about it not being so small!

The pattern has now become that every night I take Betty home from the Camera Club Robert always seems to be out at the pub or somewhere. Betty and I have it off to our heart's delight and recount our different ways with Robert when he returns. Betty tells me this never fails to get him going and they have had so many great grinds as a result.

The beauty of sharing Betty like we do is that there has never been any hint of jealousy. We all like to think we are adult enough to realise all we are doing is satisfying a physical hunger and since nobody is getting hurt there can surely be no harm in it. We have built up a sort of mutual trust between us so that when I take Betty away for a photographic weekend next month Robert is perfectly happy in the knowledge that I will take great care of her for him. Surely this is what life is all about.

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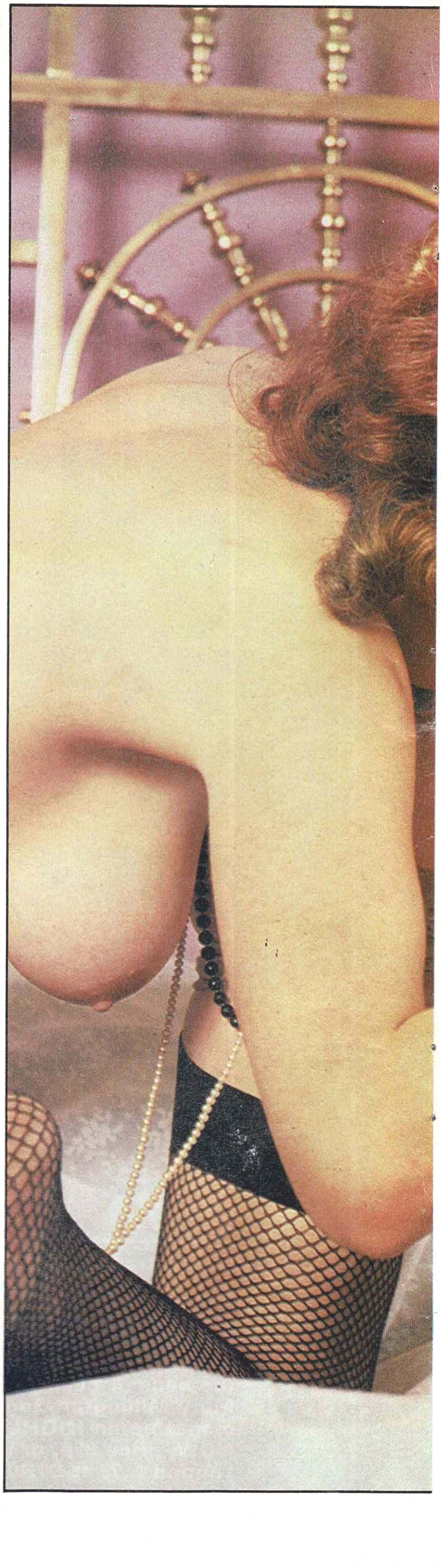

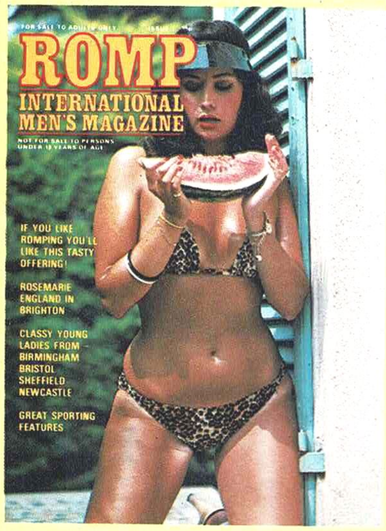
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A GIRL CALLED THERESA

PART THREE

THE STORY SO FAR:
Staff Nurse Theresa Shannon is the bisexual Irish girl in charge of Observation at St. Stephen's, which is where Donkey Dick works as a hospital porter... Both Dick and Trevor, who works in the dispensary, have had ample proof of our insatiable heroine's disregard for conventional morality, but after scaring off her latest girlfriend by coming over her huge knockers, Dick finds himself in the doghouse...

A serial in four parts by Perry James

PERSUASION

I'm afraid it took Theresa quite a while to get over the loss of Laura. She was dead right that the sexy black girl had been a wonderful adornment to St. Stephens during her brief spell there, but the Irishwoman recognised in her a kindred spirit, I'm sure, and who knows if she wouldn't have been able to turn her on to men, given a few weeks of her own inimitable brand of persuasion...

Anyway, my mate Trevor, who you may remember works in the hospital dispensary, delighted in telling me what a good time he was having with Theresa; not that he was knocking her off at work, the way I'd been doing, but I knew that all those stories of his rang too true to be anything but plain fact.

"Now last night," he began one morning during tea-break, "we fancied going down the West End to see a movie. Theresa had already showed me she'd left her knickers off – in fact, I had a quick but juicy feel on the Tube platform on the way into town. She was hardly losing any opportunities to get me worked up either. Once, when the carriage was practically full, she leaned forward to whisper in my ear as we sat side by side, Naturally I tilted my head to hear what she had to say, and as I did so I noticed a good-looking youth who was standing by the door.

"He was a slim dark-haired boy of about eighteen or so, but the truly remarkable thing about his appearance was that you could plainly see his cock and balls inside the crotch of his thin cotton jeans, and they looked like a length of hosepipe with a pair of rubber balls attached.

"Theresa said, 'I want to fuck him, that guy over there!'

"I couldn't really think of a reply to that one, so I just sat there and let her work it out. Soon she had her opportunity. An old woman came into the carriage at Notting Hill, and Theresa jumped up to give her her seat. The old woman thanked her and sat down beside me, trying to show what she thought of *my* manners. Meanwhile your favourite nurse had managed to find a vacant strap hang in front of the young guy with the appendages, as we doctor's call it."

I laughed and lit a fag. "And then what did she do?"

"You won't believe this," said Trevor. "I sat and watched her as she spoke to him in a low voice. He looked momentarily startled and started glancing round to see if anyone was listening. Of course no one had heard. You know what it's like in a crowded Tube – there's one or two loud conversations going and everyone else is automatically tuned into them, whether or not they're interested. I mean, someone could croak in a Tube train and everyone would just carry on the way they were!

"Anyway, when he sussed there was nothing to worry about the young man let Theresa move right up close to him. I was sitting at the end of the row of seats, so if I leaned forward, not only was I shielding the two of them from the rest of the carriage, I could also turn my head and cop an eyeful of what was going down!

"I could hardly believe it! Theresa's hands were full of this enormous cock which was rapidly pushing her fingers out of the way and standing up in a thick bendy pole. She groped below it and came up with a ball sack which completely hid her hand. Then she grabbed his tool with her thumb over the foreskin, and started wanking him... I couldn't help noticing the way his head fell slightly back and a glazed look came into his eyes as Theresa's fist firmly, methodically pistoned up and down the height of his rigid shaft. On every down stroke she exposed the bright red acorn of his cock, and it didn't take more than a minute for this swollen knob to become streaked with shiny lubricating fluid, which I could plainly see welling up from the slit at the tip of his cock.

"At that moment the train started slowing for the next station. To my amazement I saw Theresa's hand reach out with a folded cigarette packet which

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she jammed into the door where they stood, so that it hiccupped once and stayed shut. What a smart woman, I thought! She must have done this kind of thing loads of times!

"When the train's other doors closed and it pulled out of the station, Theresa went back to work. It must have been obvious to her that her new-found friend was on the point of coming his load and his straining prick was beginning to twitch threateningly whenever she paused in her wanking. Very carefully and very smoothly, the dirty beast raised her dress in the front, fingering her snatch open with her left hand, at the same time pulling his mighty prick's nodding head down to its entrance. There was a brief shifting of weight and balance, and then he was in, sliding gradually up into that delicious cunt I know so well, as Theresa's weight dragged her further and further down his rock-hard stiffer...

WELL-HUNG

"I knew full well the kind of experience the well-hung stranger was going through – you yourself know the feeling of her incredibly soft, clinging cunt sliding down your prick; fuck me, where d'you suppose she is right now?"

I said, "Didn't you get enough last night, then?'.

Trevor finished his tea with a slurp. "Ah, yes, last night.. Well, this poor lad couldn't hold out much longer; in fact, I should think he started spunking as soon as he was all the way in. His neck muscles seemed to swell to twice their size as he tried to stop himself crying out with the intensity of it. Theresa had turned her head to shield his face from the other passengers as his entire body contracted in violent spasms. I could see that Theresa was experiencing some pretty strong orgasm, but she's a real expert at public sex, Dick: she could fuck someone in Trafalgar Square without getting nicked!

"Anyway, this guy took ages to finish shooting off, and we were pulling into another station already, with Theresa just standing there slightly twitching every time a fresh burst of jissom fountained up inside her most sensitive organ. It was another couple of minutes before they could disengage, and I was positive someone must have heard the sort of *slurrpop!* noise when his great sticky prick finally jumped out. Theresa helped him stuff it back inside his flies. The trouble was, though, that his jeans were really tight to start with, as if they'd been designed to display his ballocks to their best advantage, and it couldn't cope with his half-stiff tool. She started giggling uncontrollably, and I wondered what to do.

"It was our station next, and besides, the crush was beginning to thin out, as it does when an evening train has reached the West End. The less people there were in the carriage, the more difficult they'd find it to sort themselves out undetected. Then I picked up a newspaper from the floor, pretending to gance through it until I was sure no one was looking at me, then I slipped it into Theresa's hand. She knew what to do with it, of course; as the train slowed for our station, she gave it to the young man, who gratefully clutched it over his heavy, slimy prick as the doors opened and we left him there. What a laugh!

"I couldn't help noticing though, that Theresa had a big stain at the back of her skirt, where the stranger's jissom was leaking down from her knickerless cunt and spreading over her arse. She told me not to worry about trifles like that.

" 'The important thing is,' she explained. 'That I've made someone happy. It doesn't matter who he was or that I'll never see him again – the point is that I fancied him, he fancied me, and we gave each other a nice come in the short time available to us. Now he'll go away and turn someone else on to fucking in public... It can't be a bad idea!'

"And I guess," said Trevor reflectively as he made his way back to the dispensary, "you can't argue with it!"

I went back to my own boring work, with the picture of Theresa getting fucked in a Tube train uppermost in my mind. How could I patch things up with her? Apologies? Love letters? Frontal assault?! She was such a honeybox, such a perfect fuck-and-suck that I didn't quite know how I'd be able to get along without her daily nursing... It had been a week since our last one, and every detail was as fresh in my memory as it had been the day it happened: the way she'd sort of *yelped* as I thrust the whole of my stiffer straight in and up without a by-your-leave – it had been semi-rape, and I'd come a bucket with the passion of it..

I knew what I'd do! I'd make her a peace offering! If I'd blown our scene by inadvertently scaring off her last love – the horny Laura – I'd find her someone new! And the perfect substitute was warming up on the touchline!

To explain this development, I have to take you back a few weeks to a night when I was really stuck for a fuck, and I'd gone down to a local dancehall I don't patronise much. It's mostly for a younger age-group, and I don't particularly like the music. Anyway, this night I decided to give it a whirl and see if I couldn't connect with some crumpet.

There was one girl there who was far and away the sexiest of the lot; I don't say she was necessarily the most beautiful, because sixteen year old girls can blossom for a few years and then fade disappointingly, but this little filly was obviously going to mature into a *Stunner!* Her hair was short and blonde in the pageboy style and she wore mostly boys' clothes, but all this did nothing to detract from the superb grace of her figure as she danced with her girlfriends. There were a few boys hanging round their group but mostly the girls hardly paid them any attention at all.

CUTE BLONDE

I got chatting to some of them, bought them cokes and so on, told them I was a stunt motorbike rider – you know the banter. Soon I was talking to this cute blonde; she told me her name was Suzi ('with a Z, mind!') and she still went to school. She was obviously taken in by my front, but when it came to kissing and cuddling I was in for a rude shock. She only let boys tongue her, she said; everything else was for the ladies! In the death I got her phone number, just in case I needed to lick a nice fresh cunt at any time, and went home feeling very confused indeed.

So the night after Trevor's story I phoned Suzi up and told her there was a pretty lady who'd like to make her acquaintance. She was a bit suspicious at first, but when I said that the lady in question was no more than a few years older than herself, that she was a staff nurse and a very sexy one at that, Suzi got extremely interested. She said she loved older women in uniforms, and agreed to come dressed in her own school uniform. So far, so good for Donkey Dick...

I phoned Theresa up on the staff phone, the next day, and put it to her bluntly: I had some girl in tow, and soon after school was over, a tasty young thing with blonde hair would present herself in Observation and expect to get taken aside for an intimate examination. Theresa's tone was a little cool to start with, but she soon brightened up as I explained Suzi's charms, using my imagination a little in the process...

My shift ended at four that day, and I lost no time in making my way up to Staff Sister Shannon's ward, where I hung around and chatted up a couple of Chinese nurses I'd had my eye on. One of them in particular was an absolute dream, and I'd already got her marked down for a ride on Dick's famous Donkey. I was particularly worked up by the thought of how it would feel to jam my nine inches up her tight little cunt while her mate got busy on my balls. Still, all that would have to wait.

Suzi arrived bang on time, a little breathless with her eagerness to be initiated into the world of big girls, and there was a charming blush on her cheeks as she caught sight of me, motioning me out of the ward. I excused myself with a leer to the two Chinese pieces, and joined the little honey in the nurses' common room. Suzi looked terrific in her scarlet uniform jacket, with her pert little jugs peeping out through the thin material of her white shirt. The severe black tie only emphasised how cute her budding teats were. I was pleased she'd left her bra off, and told her so.

ACTION

For answer, the girl opened her school satchel just enough for me to see not only her bra nestling in among the textbooks, but also a pair of grubby white knickers. She let me have a kiss and a brief feel of her tits, and then Theresa walked in. I'd been worried that she might not let me stay and watch the action, but she soon set my mind at rest by giving me a tongue-kiss and turning to my young friend.

Suzi was obviously more than pleased with the appearance of the older girl and they were soon sitting side by side on the cheap sofa, talking about this and that and tentatively feeling each other up. I got the door wedged shut the way Staff Sister Shannon had showed me, and went to sit on the arm of the sofa to get a proper view of the proceedings.

The two girls had already forgotten I existed, for they were licking away at each other's sweet mouths like old friends, and when I lowered my eyes to their bodies I was amazed at the speed of their progress; Suzi's chest was completely bare and Theresa was handling the breathtakingly soft white pointed jugs as if she was expecting them to squirt milk! Never in my life have I seen nipples erect so dramatically or so quickly; one second they were broad pink coins stuck on the end of her tits, the next they were a pair of fierce-looking cones, darker, more insistent.

Theresa lowered her head to these ravishing teats and licked all the way up the underside of one overhanging breast. Suzi closed her eyes with a sigh of surrender and fell back onto the sofa as the nurse tugged the thin white blouse all the way out of the girl's skirt waistband, and felt for the button and zip which would open the door to paradise.

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Suddenly Suzi was naked except for her white knee-socks, and I was staring down onto a plump pink mound which at first glance looked completely hairless. Then I realised that the little tuft of soft hair which adorned this gorgeous cleft was so blonde as to be almost transparent. If either Theresa or myself had expected Suzi to be shy, we were quickly enlightened; the girl seemed to want to get on with it even more than her lover...

Quickly, nimbly, expertly undoing the buttons in front of the nurse's starched uniform, the schoolgirl's hands reached back and unhooked the bra which my Irish love found so necessary to support her regal breasts. With a heavy sigh Theresa's pendulous knockers swung out and slightly down, a near-perfect pair of mammaries, as I knew only too well. Suzi uttered a little cry of delight as she got her hands on them, squeezing and stroking and cupping their generous bulk with eyes opened wide.

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Theresa suddenly made up her mind; firmly pushing the stocking-clad legs apart, she knelt over the young girl's crotch and dived in tongue first. Suzi's yelp of ecstasy echoed loud in that small room. Soon the Irish girl was licking away furiously, sucking and nibbling and blowing, while her tits were given a thorough handling so that the nipples were pinched and stretched and almost twisted off as the schoolgirl's slim frame was racked by total orgasm.

Now Trevor always used to say about me, "Dick? Great bloke, salt of the earth, but – well, he's only human, ain't he?" This had become a standard joke between us, but I now realised that it had never been more acutely appropriate; in a nutshell: I lost control.

Before I knew quite what was going on, I was on my knees behind Theresa's strong, well-fleshed arse, and had exposed her rear quarters to the light of day. She flexed her buttock muscles in anticipation as I pulled out my desperate cock and tugged her thighs apart. As I'd expected, the nurse's cunt needed very little preliminary work – in fact the inside of her thighs were already beginning to run with juice. To the sound of Suzi's helpless climax, I inserted the barrel of my donkey under her hotly clenched bum-cheeks and pressed the nose home. Her outer lips yielded to me like a hot knife through butter, and I soon felt my pubic hair grind into her crotch as I started fucking her cunt.

SHAGGING

When I reached forward I could get my hands on those areas of her jugs which weren't already being used, and the two of us gave Theresa's tits the work-out they deserved. I was slamming into her from behind, alternately long slow thrusts with bursts of record-breaking shagging, and soon the room echoed to the sound of fucking, sucking and coming. Suzi's hands clutched spasmodically on their gorgeous prizes before she went limp under the relentless worrying of Theresa's tongue. I myself had experienced that tongue!

The lovely nurse turned her head round and gave me a long wet kiss, so that I could savour Suzi's taste. In fact, it tasted so good, your hero couldn't forbear from getting his own mouth stuck in. She certainly was a treat, was young Suzi, and I swear to this day that her juicy plump pussy tasted of some exotic fruit I can't quite place, and the smell of her overheated crotch was divine.

I sucked at the little pink clit until I thought she'd fainted, then transferred my attention to her virgin shaft. It was a rare delight to lick her intact lips and suck the soft folds of skin in between my teeth. I've been told by reliable sources among my female acquaintances that the taste of a youth's come is a revelation after years of gobbling grown men; all I can say is that a young fresh pussy tastes like nectar. And the little darling loved it!

Theresa quickly pulled herself off my erection and motioned for me to kneel in front of the sofa in between the girl's knees so that my cock was sticking out like a bowsprit over her slim white waist. Then the randy nurse proceeded to grasp my cock and give me a slow, emphatic hand-job. I don't know how long I was able to hold together before loosing my come; it seemed like an eternity, but I knew as soon as I felt that experienced hand on my knob that it would only be a matter of minutes.

GRIPPED

Theresa had this special way of wanking you off, which was to grab your shaft so that the collar of loose foreskin was gripped between thumb and forefinger (and I mean *gripped!*) and the rest of her fist clutched the lower part of the pole. Then she'd very slowly move the foreskin all the way up – slight pause – and all the way down, holding you very firmly all the while. There aren't many men who can stand up to this treatment without shooting off a load, and I must admit I'm not one of them.

As I felt my crisis approach I looked down to see how Suzi was taking it. Now I sincerely doubt whether this young slip of a girl had ever seen a stiff one my size before in her life – and I'm positive she had very little experience in the field of ejaculation. Anyway she just lay back writhing with the force of her almighty climax, and watched through lust-heavy eyes as Theresa gave her creation the last few regular, measured touches – she whipped her hand away and I was coming, coming like I'd never come before...

Suzi's eyes widened in helpless fascination as the first spoonful spat from the shuddering nose of my engine, flew in a long arc and landed on her chin! She opened her mouth in childlike wonder as more spunk fountained out of my slit and looped over her naked body. In five seconds she was splashed over the face and tits – in ten seconds my cock was dribbling the last spasmodic gushes down to her heaving belly.

ENCOURAGEMENT

The young girl suddenly realised how perilously close my jissom was to her opened, virgin cunt, and sprang upright so that my come danced and jiggled over her shiny wet tits. Theresa solved this one with the decisiveness which made her such a good nurse: soothing the girl with kind words and encouragement, she pushed her onto her back and lapped up my sperm from where it had run down below her navel. As Suzi purred with contentment, the older girl sucked my spunk off her tits and belly, finally working up to her neck and face. To my astonishment, she then kissed her full on the mouth, giving her my come to sample.

Suzi hesitated, then thought better of it, and tongued Theresa's mouth with a will. This must have been her first ever taste of hot spunk, and I sincerely hope it was to her liking.

So Staff Nurse Shannon got her rocks off, and we were pals again. But for how long? Could a scene like ours stand the pace?

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HEATWAVE

BY PERRY JAMES

It was around the end of July that Phil Dwyer bumped into his old mate Kevin in the 'Star and Garter'. Phil, out of work since spring, was thinking of calling it a night and heading for home before his meagre resources ran out, when he spotted Kevin ordering a large round in the Saloon. "And a light and bitter!" he shouted. "Light and bitter," said Kevin mechanically, and the barman was reaching for a pint glass before the man with the money stopped to think whose voice it was had ordered the drink. He looked round the Saloon and drew a blank. Then he looked back at the barman and saw Phil leaning over the bar of the Public. "Come round this side!" he shouted, and Phil slipped through the connecting door and attempted to punch his friend in the gut, and his old friend put am armlock on him and they both had a good laugh.

"Can't complain," said Kevin to Phil's enquiry. "And yourself?"

"On the dole," said Phil quickly.

"On the dole?" said Kevin, handing round drink after drink, "You must be mad. Come and work for me. You can hold a paint-brush, can't you?"

Phil admitted he'd lost none of his old skill, from the days when he and Kevin had run a small toshing business from the back of an old Ford Escort. Phil had been rehoused away from the area, while Kevin had expanded the business and prospered.

"Tell you what," said Kevin. "I'll make sure and get you the jobs with the tastiest birds."

"What, you mean housewife-shagging?."

"All part of the service," countered Kevin. "You look like you could do with a bunk-up. Have another."

So Phil got his cards from the Labour Exchange and dug up his old pair of whites and told his wife Cheryl she could start thinking about a new colour set.

"New what?" she said sarcastically. "That Kevin is so bent, you'll be lucky if he gives you the price of a new toothbrush. And I've heard stories about his parties, and all. Afternoon delights, when everyone thinks he's at work.. and you tell me you've got a proper job?"

Phil reassured her that he wouldn't be mixing business with pleasure. After all, he reasoned, if he had a bundle of fun like Cheryl to come home to – a girl with a 36-22-38 figure and a cunt like an electric lotus flower – would he be on the lookout for pussy when he was supposed to be earning a living? Privately he thought to himself: he might at that..

His first job was a large detached house down in Richmond, the sort of place that takes two hours to clean the windows. A quiet man called Wilf, an old boy whom Kevin knew to be a first-class painter, was Phil's anchor man – in fact, he was already at work that first morning when Phil met Mrs. Babington, a fateful morning for all concerned..

Mrs. Babington was about thirty-seven years old and her husband was a naval solicitor and she was bored out of her mind having nothing to do all day but chat to her friends on the phone and worry about Mr. Babington's dinner and fantasise about well-hung workmen coming to fix the drains. Of course, there was no way Phil could possibly have tumbled to all this when she greeted him at the front door; what he saw was an extremely well-preserved woman with big tits and an expensive tan. Later he would be able to say that she had very nice blue eyes and hair that was shoulder-length and auburn – for the moment he just stood and grinned down at Mrs. Babington's cleavage and wondered what she was like in bed. But only casually, you understand.

Phil let Wilf get on with cutting in the picture-rails and architraves while he limbered up with some roller work in the hall. It was a good year since he'd done any decorating at all, and after three hours he was pleased to slip off for a pint and a roll at a local pub. When he got back to the house, Wilf had just gone for his lunch, and Mrs. Babington was sunbathing.

She was lying in a low sun-lounger on the crazy paving at the back of the house and she was not wearing any clothes. Phil stood frozen in the back doorway, holding his breath and staring at her magnificent body as it lay stretched out in the sunshine. Her tits, now free of their restricting bra, hung almost to her trim waist, two vast pendulous sacks of honey-coloured flesh ending in big pink nipples which jiggled about in front of her stomach every time she moved. Phil was so fascinated by these fabulous knockers that it was some time before he realised what Mrs. Babington was doing with her hands. When he sussed her out, his crotch tightened with lust.

Her hands had disappeared into the curves of sun-baked skin at the top of her thighs, but her forearms could be plainly seen as they pistoned up and

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"THE RHYTHM OF HER WANKING HAND SPEEDED UP TO A CRESCENDO..."

down, causing her heavy, bloated jugs to tremble. From time to time one or both of her knees would twitch spasmodically, as if they were beyond her control. Now and then a short gasp would escape her lips, an expression of pure exstasy.

As Phil watched, Mrs. Babington withdrew one of her hands, shining in the sunlight with her wet cunt-juice, and put it to her mouth, licking and greedily sucking the slime from her fingers. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open... The rhythm of her wanking hand speeded up to a crescendo. Suddenly she arched her back so that her magnificent knockers spread generously over her knees as she bore down on her trapped hand and climaxed in an abandonment of carefree sensuality. Her other hand was presumably busy at her arse, but Phil could see neither opening from where he stood, almost crippled by the erection which threatened to split his pants and trousers.

After a while the woman subsided, her pants and moans died down and she slumped back on the lounger, exposing the light brown hair of her bush to the sun's rays. A trail of lubricating fluid stretched from snatch to navel, and her nipples were angrily swollen and erect with the stimulus of her orgasm.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Phil crept forward and stood over her, lusting after her pneumatic body and her generous, half-open cunt-lips. He spoke to her very quietly, so as not to give her a shock; told her to stay as she was and pretend to be asleep; told her not to worry, as he wouldn't tell a living soul what he was about to do to her.

Something in his voice must have reassured her, for after opening her eyes briefly to make sure it really was the handsome decorator, Mrs. Babington lay back blissfully and murmured in her refined voice, "I like to get my cunt sucked." Then she closed her eyes again.

Phil knelt down between her thighs and parted the outer lips of her pussy with his strong, capable thumbs. He almost creamed his jeans at the sight of her deep, welcoming cunt spreading like a flower in the sunshine – the marvellous full crimson and coral shades, throbbing and glistening with anticipation. A little juice had run over the inside of her thighs, and he started by craning down and licking it up off her skin. Then he stuck his fingertips in her outer flap and pulled her all the way open, like someone carefully parting curtains.

Mrs. Babington moaned deep in the back of her throat as Phil shot his tongue out and ran it slowly over the inside wall of her sheath. The sensitive soft melting flesh leaked juice like a ripe fruit, and he lapped and lapped until his jaw ached. The woman's knees convulsed occasionally as her nerve-endings screamed with pleasure. Soon she was building up to a violent orgasm in which she gripped Phil's head with her powerful thighs until he thought he was on the point of suffocation. It seemed as if she hadn't had a man's tongue up her cunt for years.

Eventually Phil realised that he was going to come in his pants if he didn't do something quick. When Mrs. Babington had come four times, the strength went out of her thighs and he was able to raise his head and get to his feet. With a quick look over his shoulder to make sure he wasn't observed by any neighbours, he took out his rapidly swelling tool and ran the tip over the woman's heaving breasts. The feeling of her hot sweaty flesh made his knob swell fit to burst, and a drop of clear fluid wept onto Mrs. Babington's left nipple. Mechanically she rubbed it into the big pink circle and resumed frigging herself one-handed.

Phil retracted his foreskin and grabbed one of her huge tits in each hand and stuck his quivering erection between them, revelling in the sensation of being drowned by hot flesh. Into the artificial cunt formed by her endless cleavage he thrust as if fucking an exceptionally deep snatch, letting his balls smack meatily into her stomach with every stroke. Soon he was in top gear, slamming away like a jack rabbit, clawing his fingers into the soft underside of her knockers.

Suddenly his crisis was upon him: his rhythm broke, stuttered and fell away as his prick leapt out of Mrs. Babington's cleavage and spurted a gout of hot come into her face. She screamed softly as another spoonful fountained up over her chin and ran down her neck and over the upper slopes of her tits. In ten seconds she was a sticky mess of spunk from nose to nipple and Phil was wringing out the last drops of jissom from his trembling knob.

"GRABBING A TIT IN EACH HAND, PHIL STUCK HIS ERECTION BETWEEN THEM..."

Something made Phil look up at that point. Standing in the back doorway was Wilf, and the old man had a most peculiar expression on his face. Phil quickly put his tool away, but it was obviously impossible to pretend he'd been doing anything but wanking off over one of the firm's clients.

"How about you?" called Mrs. Babington softly over her shoulder, idly massaging the drying spunk into her breasts. "Would you like to give me a pearl necklace, too?"

Wilf needed no second invitation. To Phil's fascination, the old man walked calmly up to the lounger and undid his flies and produced the most enormous hard-on Phil had ever considered possible. The old boy was about five feet eight tall, but his prick stood out like the bowsprit of a ship. There must have been fourteen inches of it. Mrs. Babington gasped in astonishment.

"Can you come?" she inquired, as if this great size precluded such a possibility.

"Can I come?" Wilf demanded, and set about fisting himself off two-handed, like a sailor taking in and paying out a thick rope, swapping his hands over and making sure his drooping balls bounced around nicely for Mrs. Babington's benefit – she lay back and watched in open-mouthed astonishment as his huge prick approached orgasm. Wilf deliberately strung it out, letting his knob quiver as if about to start spunking, then taking his hands away until the crisis passed, then starting up again very slowly, drawing the foreskin right over the huge head of his cock until it formed a sort of hood dangling over Mrs. Babington's face.

The housewife finally cracked: with a sudden swift motion that took the old man by surprise, she reached up her hand and pulled the exposed tip of his knob into her gaping mouth. Before he could do anything about it, she'd sucked the end six inches of his huge tool inside her mouth, and was briskly rubbing the exposed shaft with two hands, making little bleating noises through her nose as the massive hard-on threatened to choke her.

Wilf stood there and let her carry on to her heart's content, occasionally letting his hands play over her bouncing knockers, but mostly content to sit back and watch a member of the local Townswomen's Guild slobber over his knob. Mrs. Babington made such a meal of it that he only lasted a few minutes before his breathing altered and the mighty limb in her mouth started bucking and leaping like a landed fish. Phil winced as he heard the sound of flying spunk flood the woman's gullet – she choked once, swallowed convulsively, then carried on sucking as more come spurted down her throat. Wilf stood with his hands on his hips, jiggling up and down slightly so that his spunking tool jumped around even more crazily between her lips...

When it was all over, and Mrs. Babington had let the old man put his cock away, she insisted that both workmen should relax in the sun while she made them a jug of fresh lemonade. All through this procedure she made no attempt to put her clothes back on, and seemed to delight in strutting about the house and patio with her knockers swinging gently, and the haunches of her well-muscled arse tensing with every step she took. When she came back out onto the patio, it didn't take much persuading for her to bend over on her hands and knees and let Phil fuck her from behind. He gave a good account of himself, but the effect of reaching under her body and grabbing handfuls of those mighty swinging tits was too much for his balls, and he filled her cunt with spunk after five minutes or so.

Mrs. Babington seemed to improve with every encounter. The more come was splashed over her tits, or shot down her throat, or squirted up her snatch, the younger she seemed to grow, until by late afternoon Phil was convinced he was in the company of a young woman. To Wilf, of course, she certainly *was* a young woman, and he lost no opportunity to exercise his neglected tool.

Eventually their hostess said that her husband would be home from work in a little while, so they did a rapid half hour's worth of painting while she washed the come off her body and put some clothes on. When they left, she said goodbye as casually as if the three of them had spent the afternoon talking about lupins.

When Phil got home, the first thing he did was drag Cheryl into the bedroom and yank her bra off and give her the wettest pearl necklace of her life. While she was still recovering from the shock of all this, he turned her over onto her front and

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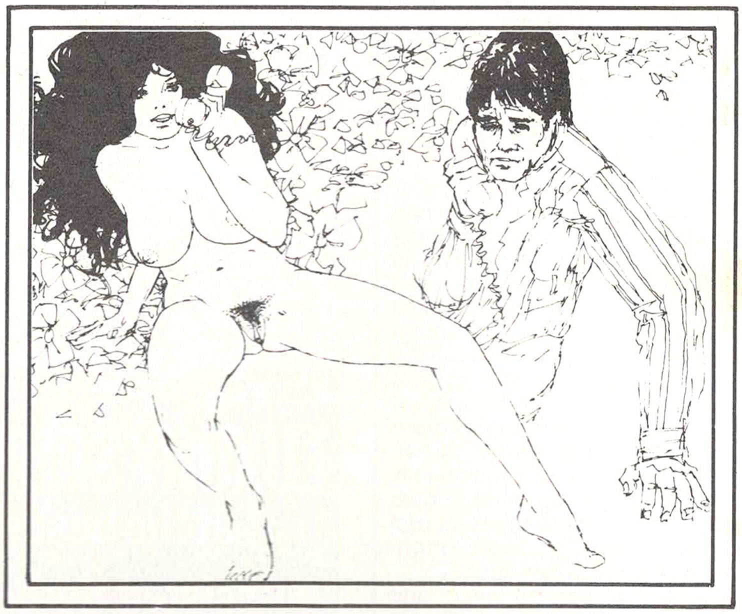

fucked the arse off her.

"It's the heat," he explained while she langorously sucked his knob dry. "Always gets me this way, remember?"

Well, no – she couldn't quite remember the last time he'd been worked up enough to fuck her and toss off over her perfect tits immediately on coming home of an evening; she put it down to lost male pride regained by starting a new job; she afforded herself a little smile of contentment as she ran her tongue over the gleaming red head of his cock. She was so glad her husband was back in work.

Next day Phil decided he'd have to knuckle under and do some painting. It wasn't that Mrs. B looked any less attractive as she welcomed him on the doorstep, dressed in a light summer frock that did absolutely nothing to minimise the effect of her proudly jutting breasts – it was simply that Kevin had put him on probation, and he was determined to make good, possibly even branch out on his own when he'd got the captial saved up.

As it happened, their well-upholstered client had one of her rare busy days that morning, and slipped out in the Renault, leaving them in the tender care of the au pair, a Belgian girl called Yvonne.

Phil had vaguely noticed the girl on his arrival the previous day, but hadn't thought much about her. She was tall, big-boned, and a brunette of nineteen or so, and quite personable in a heavy sort of way, but she had the faint beginnings of a moustache on her upper lip, and her haunches looked altogether too muscular for his taste. All in all, she couldn't hold a candle to her buxom employer, although she was half her age.

At about eleven o'clock, when the two men were really panting for a beer in the searing heat, Yvonne brought them a tray out to the rear hall, a tray laden with tea things and biscuits.

Phil laid down his roller and said, "Well, this is all very nice."

The big girl blushed unexpectedly and bent down to lay the tray on a low side table where he was working. As she straightened up, Phil realised that he could plainly see the outline of her cunt. Now this is a pretty rare occurrence – sometimes a skirt will blow into the front of a well-haired mound, but it's not really a turn-on, unless you happen to fancy the girl in the first place. What Phil was looking at was a straining crotch in a pair of tight tapered cord jeans. In fact, the material was so tight, he could have sworn he could tell exactly where the pubic hair started and where it finished.

Playfully, he stretched up from where he knelt on the dust-sheet, and gave her swelling arse a tickle. To his amazement, this cow-like girl knelt down beside him and gave him a long, passionate French kiss, like a young girl showing off on a date. The girl's eyes were closed and her tongue was strong and insistent. Blimey, thought Phil.

In a twinkling he had her blouse up over her head, and the ends of her bra straps dangling round her waist as the heavy pale breasts swung down and outward, dark stiff nipples nudging the flimsy material of the bra away. Phil bent forward and gathered the weight of one soft tit in his hand – smaller than Mrs. Babington's. but still impressive – and pulled it firmly to his mouth, sucking the nipple in between his teeth, then the skin around the nipple, then greedily half her bristol, filling his mouth with the blissful smooth flesh until his jaw ached.

Yvonne sobbed quietly to herself and groped for his crotch. She was pretty naive about what she was after, but Phil gave her a helping hand and in an instant his knob was raising its ugly head through the air until it stood proud and tall in the au pair's hand. She smiled at him awkwardly, pleading with him to tell her exactly what it was he wanted. He lost no time in letting her know.

As soon as her clothes were lying in an untidy heap alongside the half-painted skirting-board, Phil pushed her over onto her back and started running the tip of his cock over the whole of her body. Crouching sometimes to one side of her, sometimes to the other, sometimes straddling her body so that his balls swung down low over her supine form, he explored every square inch of her as if his cock were a geiger counter. Yvonne lay back and quivered with ecstasy as her armpits were probed, then her gorgeous tits, her arse, her legs... Although he wasn't physically fucking her, the friction of his exposed knob-head running all over her skin practically brought Phil to the brink.

Hoping that his workmate wouldn't happen by and catch him at it two days running, Phil reckoned she was ready for the real thing. Her cunt was running with juice into the bargain, so he jammed his knob in there and leant his entire weight on it as he split the clutching, swooning entrance with his rampant cock.

Yvonne put her fingernails on the back of his buttocks and pulled with all the strength of her arms, gradually, achingly pulling his erection into the depths of her cunt. Phil gasped as her tight cunt gripped him like a rubber glove – he could hardly believe it when he was all the way in. It felt as though his knob was in an extraordinary vice made of muscular tissue. The reek of love juice was strong in his nostrils as he pulled back a half inch and slammed forward, causing his balls to slap heavily into the top of her peach-cleft. She moaned softly...

Yvonne yelped with astonishment, but made no protest as he fucked her pussy hard and fast until on the point of orgasm. All this while our hero was considering whether to finish off in her mouth or over her tits, and was generally so preoccupied with the business in hand that he had no chance to hear Mrs. Babington creep up behind the interwined pair. Suddenly he felt a hand slide under his leg and grip his ballocks very firmly indeed.

Resisting the urge to jump up, he stopped shagging and looked over his shoulder, staring up at the lady of the house as she glared down at him.

"Now Yvonne," said Mrs. Babington. "You're supposed to be working in the kitchen at this time of day."

"Yes, Mrs," panted the naked Belgian girl, struggling up onto her elbows and looking scared.

The housewife pulled Phil out and off her by the balls.

"Now," she purred, "I want to get my knickers wet," and before Phil had time to react in any meaningful way, he was on his feet with the end of his knob quivering inside the tight elastic gusset of Mrs. B's underpants. Very calmly and smoothly she stroked his balls and the outside of his knob while the tip quivered wildly an inch from her snatch.

Phil was on the point of finishing off in her knickers when Wilf turned up, bang on time. It didn't take him long to size the situation up. Taking his massive dangle out of the flies of his whites, he jammed it into Yvonne's cunt as she lay gasping for breath on the carpet. Then he turned her over onto her hands and knees so that she could tongue Phil's arse; at the second or third thrust of her strong wet tongue over his backside, he squirted a bucket of come into Mrs. B's knickers, soaking her pubic hair and making the thin material stick to her flanks. She sighed in ecstasy while Wilf pumped furiously away at the young au pair.

"Anyone home?" came a loud, familiar voice from the front hall, and Kevin marched round the corner. As if struck dumb he stood and watched as the old painter reached top speed and unleashed the contents of his balls into the Belgian girl's saturated cunt, while Phil hurriedly dragged his wilting erection from the tight elastic of Mrs. Babington's knickers.

"Ah," said Kevin, for once in his life totally nonplussed. "Look, I'll call back later." And he was gone.

"That's funny," said Phil. "He must be under the weather or something."

"The weather *does* get some people down, you know," said Mrs. Babington. "Shall I make us all a nice cup of tea?"

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LORNA

EMANUELLE MEETS THE WiFE SWAPPERS

JUST ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DUO

Meet LIZ and DEBBIE, they are just two of the beautiful and sexy performers who appear in the new erotic movie 'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS'. The film tells the story of a young girl who has just left an exclusive Swiss Finishing School, she goes to college and does a thesis on 'contact' magazines. Obviously, she is corrupted by the kinky people she meets, including a FEMALE sailor. 'Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers' features all forms of explicit sexual activity including Duo, Group and Les Action. The pictures here are not stills from the film. LIZ and DEBBIE are just two of thirty or so really beautiful performers from Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Holland who are featured in 'Emanuelle Meets the Wife Swappers'. This film is NOT to be missed by all lovers of really good sex films – it's hard, but erotic, a real blue movie. However, whilst it's naughty it's also funny, so it will probably appeal to lady as well as male readers. 'EMANUELLE MEETS THE WIFE SWAPPERS' is showing NOW at the MOULIN CINEMA, Gt. Windmill St., Soho. It is showing from 11.15am daily, continuous performances, with urge you NOT to miss this film! Because of it's nature, this film will NOT be shown at many cinemas around Britain, it will be on a VERY RESTRICTED release – so we urge you to TRAVEL TO SEE THIS FILM.

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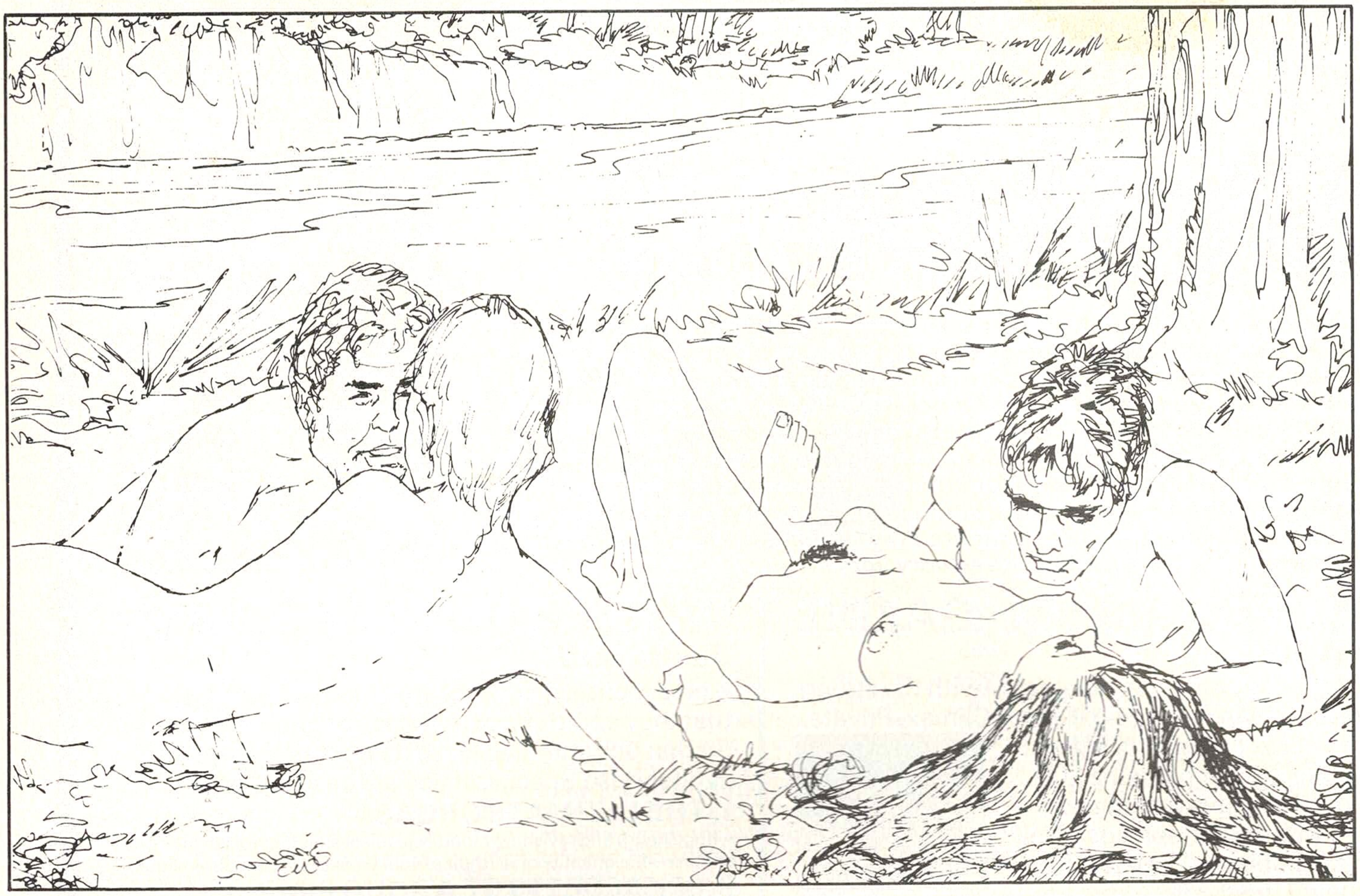

ORGY ISLAND

PACIFIC OCEAN

The island itself was tiny, just a small dot in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. There was no landing strip, if you wanted to get there you had to go by boat, or sea-plane. The first time I saw it, it took my breath away, it just had to be one of the most beautiful places on earth.

There were long golden beaches, swaying palm trees, lovely rippling streams and flowing waterfalls, and close to the main beach there was this huge white house.

The island, and the house, were owned by a very, very rich Texan oil millionaire. He called it his orgy island. Every now and then he would invite all his friends aboard his luxury boat and take them to the island, and he would have girls flown in from the States to entertain his guests. When he held an orgy on that tropical paradise, it wasn't a simple affair, far from it. His orgy went on for at least two weeks.

How do I know all this? Simple, my name is Jane, and for several years I was the oil man's personal secretary, and it was down to me to organise the orgies for him.

There was one particular orgy on that island that I will never forget. It took place about a year ago, and everyone had the time of their life.

It was a good job the house was big, for there were over fifty people living in it at one stage. Now I won't bore you with the details about how the orgy was organised, how the food and drink were taken to the island, etc., I'll just get down to brass tacks and tell you what the orgy was like. I suppose that it could be summed up in one word: fantastic.

Everyone arrived at the island on a Friday night, on that first night nothing ever happened. The guests were allowed to settle in, make themselves comfortable, and get used to their surroundings, but as from ten on Saturday morning, the orgy was officially started.

I woke up that Saturday morning in my room in the house feeling very randy indeed, and it was a good job I was feeling that way, for the rest of the day turned out to be one long round of screwing and sex. You see, everyone on that island knew what they were there for, so there was no time wasted in getting to know each other. There was only one rule on that island at orgy time, and that was that every girl there had to do whatever any man wanted them to do. And although I wasn't one of the professionals hired from the States, I was a woman, and so the same rule applied to me as to the other girls.

I had a large breakfast in my room, I had a feeling that I would need it, then I went into the bathroom and had a shower, and after I had dried myself off, I looked at myself in the mirror, to see if I were in a fit state to take part in the two week orgy.

I like looking at myself in the mirror, you see I am bisexual, and the funny thing is that the sight of my own body turns me on very much indeed, almost as much as the sight of another woman's naked form turns me on. In fact you could amost say that I was in love with my own body.

LONG LEGS

I'm twenty three years old, my skin is soft and white, my legs are very long and shapely, my breasts firm and rather large, my nipples, which always seem to be erect, are a deep pink in colour. I also keep the hair round my vagina trimmed right down, this is so that my very pouting vaginal lips will be on show to anyone who cares to look down there, and on this island everyone tends to look down there.

I didn't bother to get dressed, I knew that it would be a waste of time. It was now almost noon, and the first day of the orgy would be in full swing.

I left the house and wandered down to

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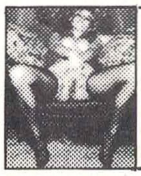
Rosemarie England



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the long golden beach. The sea was blue and calm, the sun was very hot, and everywhere I looked on that beach there seemed to be people screwing. I decided to have a wander round and see what was going on, and then I would choose a group to join in with.

Under the nearest palm tree there were two very lovely women, they were in the 69 position and sucking away like mad at each other's quims. I could see their love juices dripping from their pussy lips and making very dark patches in the sand. It was a very nice sight to see.

I turned round and was just about to walk further down the beach, when this man came up to me. I recognised him as a very famous Hollywood film star. He was, of course, naked, and his huge prick was sticking out from his body like a bargepole. Just looking at that fantastic prick of his made me go weak at the knees, and I could tell from the expression in his eyes what he wanted me to do with his prick.

I went down on my knees in that golden sand, and he came up and stood over me. That prick of his was now bumping against my chin, and the feel of it, the way it was throbbing, and the sheer size of it, almost made me faint with joy.

I reached up, curled my fingers round his thick shaft, then pulled his foreskin back to expose his rock hard glans, then I opened my mouth and took that lovely knob inside. He tasted really nice, and very soon I was sucking away with all my might. He started to groan as I used all the tricks I knew with my darting tongue, and I also cupped his balls in my right hand and squeezed at them very gently.

His prick throbbed in my mouth like a wild thing, and I applied a great deal of suction to it with my cheeks, and all the time the hot sun was burning down on my naked back, and I could hear the sea lapping gently against the beach. It really was a very perfect place in which to suck cock.

Suddenly his penis started to jerk away like mad, and then he shouted out loud, and a great stream of come powered into my mouth. I gasped with pleasure and then started to suck that red hot sperm down into my stomach, and as it trickled down into my stomach I had a climax of my own.

DRAINED

I continued to suck and slurp away at his prick until it went limp in my mouth, and until every last drop of come had been drained from his body, then he thanked me and walked away towards the house.

I then went for a quick swim in the sea, then I swam back to the beach to see what else I could find to do. There really was one hell of a lot of choice. There seemed to be more naked bodies on the beach than ever before. Even the soft breeze seemed to be full of the sweet scent of sperm and love juices, and the cries of pleasure coming from the naked bodies, drifted out to sea on that same breeze.

I stepped over a dozen screwing forms, and then found what I was looking for. Under a palm tree, a few yards from the beach, I saw June. Now June is another secretary who works for my boss, and I've always fancied her a great deal, but I'd never found the time, or the chance to get hold of her.

She was sitting there and she had this huge candle in her hand, and she was plunging it in and out of her quim just as fast and as hard as she could. Those crinkled folded quim lips of hers were really stretched to their limits with the size of that candle.

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She saw me walking over to her and she smiled, then she pulled that candle from her pussy, held it up to her face, and then proceeded to lick her own love juices from it. She obviously loved the taste of her own come juice, for as it went down into her stomach she had orgasm after orgasm. She threw the candle away, and then held out her arms towards me.

LINGERING

I went over, sat next to her, and then kissed her on the mouth, and I could still taste the last lingering scent of her love juices on her breath. She kissed very well indeed, and that darting flickering tongue of hers went between my teeth and traced very sexy patterns all over the roof of my mouth. Her saliva was wet and warm and very sweet tasting, and it started to drip into my mouth and I swallowed it down.

We kissed for some time and in the end we both had to come up for air, and then she rolled me over on my back, lowered her head, and took my right nipple deep into her mouth, and then she started to suck on it. Now my pink nipples are very sensitive, and waves of joy spread quickly through my body as those lips and tongue of hers went to work on my tit. My nipple became really hard in her mouth, and it vibrated so much with passion it felt as if it were going to explode.

Then she used her hands to squeeze my breasts together and she was able to take both my nipples into her mouth at the same time. I felt an orgasm start to power its way through my body, then a red mist blasted away inside my head.

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SUCKED

She sucked at my tits for quite some time, then she moved her head again, and this time that soft tongue of hers worked its way down the rest of my naked body. Her tongue licked up and down the soft folds of my vaginal lips, and I felt my love juices start to bubble away inside me, then I shouted out with sheer lust as she plunged her tongue all the way into my vaginal tube. She licked and slurped away and I could tell that she was swallowing down as much of my juices as she possibly could.

Then, after I'd had a multiple orgasm, she told me it was my turn to do it to her. I moved down her naked body and used my fingers to pull her quim lips wide open and I was able to look inside her lovely vaginal tube. It was all wet and sticky in there, and I could see masses and masses of pink mushy flesh.

I breathed in deeply, and the heavy scent of her quim went down into my lungs and made my senses reel. I'd been wanting to do this to her for a very long time, and at last my dreams were coming true. I pushed my tongue into her pussy and licked at her thick juices. She tasted wonderful, and as I licked and delved away with my tongue, she had orgasm after orgasm.

After that I started to walk down the beach again. Now it may seem very bad manners to leave another girl so quickly after we had screwed, but the nature of the orgy was that everyone should circulate and go with as many people as possible in a single day. Well, so far I'd sucked a cock, and made love with another woman, I thought it about time that I had a penis inside my vagina.

I found what I was looking for near the house. A man was stretched out on a towel watching two women making love, he was stroking his own prick with his hand, and it was a really huge prick, one that would be sure to fill me all the way up. I went over to him and then crouched down beside him, I used my fingers to pull my quim lips wide open and allowed him to gaze long and hard into my pussy tube. I then asked him if he would fill it up with spunk for me. He smiled, nodded his head, and indicated that I should stretch out on the sand, which I did.

He got between my legs, and then he started to rub the hard tip of his lovely cock up and down the damp folded flesh of my vaginal lips. Thrills of sheer joy went through my body, and then I gasped out loud as he slowly pushed that fantastic prick into my love tube. In and it went, and the throbbing of it seemed to vibrate all the way through me. Deeper and deeper he pushed it in, and then an orgasm

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powered through me again, as the tip of that lovely prick of his made contact with the opening of my womb. I had never known such pleasure, never had a prick been so far inside me before. It was amazing the pleasure I was getting from that massive weapon.

I clamped my long legs round his back and pulled him down on top of me. His hairy chest crushed down on the hard points of my nipples, and his face was very close to mine.

Then he started to hammer away at me just as hard and as fast as he could. I could feel the hard head of his knob battering against the soft delicate skin of my internal pussy walls, and his balls were also banging into my upper thighs. I started to move my hips and bum up and down as fast as I could, and that way I was able to match his every stroke. His prick felt like a throbbing piston engine inside me, I had never felt so full up before in my life, and his hard heavy balls banging into me added to my desire.

ORGASMS

We fucked each other just as hard as we could and I lost count of the number of orgasms that powered through me, then all of a sudden, he gave a great shout of joy, his prick gave a massive jerk, and I screamed with lust as I felt his hot pulsating sperm jet into me.

He must have a hell of a lot of sperm inside him for it seemed to jet out of him forever. My quim became full with the hot sticky stuff, and I felt it trickle from the lips of my quim.

At last, his prick went limp inside me, and it slipped from my pussy, then he moved up my body and pushed his flaccid penis into my face. I looked at it and saw that there were a few drops of sperm all mixed up with my own sweet juices. It was an invitation that I just couldn't turn down. I put out my tongue and then licked the sperm from his prick. It really was a lovely taste, that salty sperm of his all mingled up with my pussy juice. In fact I liked the taste so much that I decided to get some more.

I pushed two of my fingers into my own pussy and moved them about inside myself for a little while, and when I pulled them out, they were, of course, all covered with his hot sperm. I saw that he was breathing hard with excitement at what I was doing to myself, so I slowly, very slowly, started to lick at my own fingers with my tongue. And then I repeated the operation over and over again until every last drop of sperm had been taken from my pussy and placed in my mouth.

Well, that wasn't bad for the first couple of hours on the orgy beach. I'd sucked a prick, had a lesbian screw, and now I'd been well and truly fucked by a really large prick. What more could a woman ask for?

I'm lucky I'm a woman, I don't have to have a rest between screws like a man, so I wandered down the beach to see what else was going on.

I saw a woman wanking herself off with a banana, and there was a group of men standing round her, all the men had really stiff pricks, and it was pretty obvious they were going to screw her one after the other when she had finished masturbating herself.

I also saw two women sucking a man off at the same time, he was groaning and moaning and his prick was really limp. It looked as though they had been working on him for some time, going by the amount of sperm on the girl's faces.

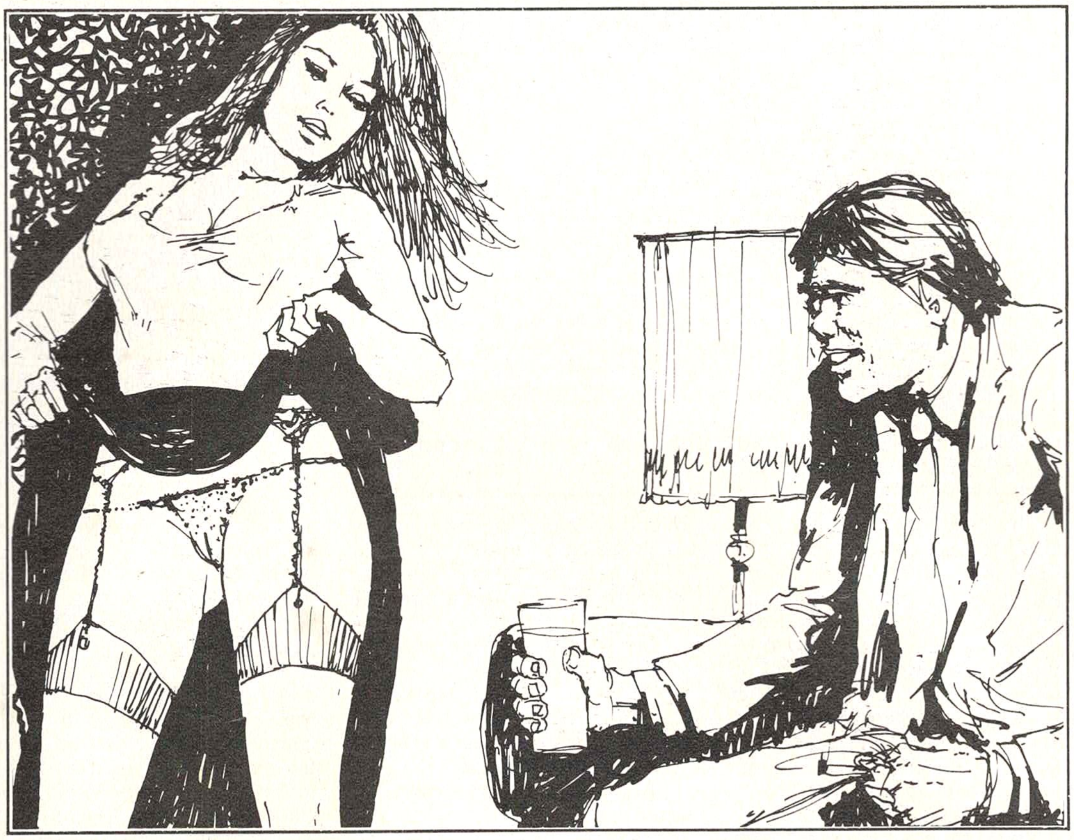
I fancied another bout of sex with a woman, and then I saw a really beautiful one. She was splashing about in the sea. And as she jumped up and down I saw that she had shaved off all her pubic hair, and the sun was gleaming from her naked vaginal lips. I called out to her, and she smiled, walked from the sea and we got into the 69 position right away. It was a lovely screw, her tongue did really wonderful things to the inside of my pussy hole.

SEXUAL DELIGHT

I then went for a swim myself, and the water felt good on my naked body. As I stepped back onto the beach two men grabbed hold of me, one of them pushed his sweet tasting prick into my mouth, and the other one shoved his cock into my cunt. It was terrific. I swallowed down a lot of sperm, and I had to go back into the sea to wash the sticky sperm from my quim.

Everywhere you looked on that beach there were naked bodies and people screwing, and the whole atmosphere was one of sexual delight.

Yes, the tiny orgy island was certainly living up to its name. Perhaps, when I've finished screwing, I'll write and tell you more about the lovely orgy island. ●



EQUALiTY

BY JOHN FRAMPTON

I often marvel at the unexpected way we meet people and what these meetings lead to. For example, I met Hilda on the bus going home from work one evening. A less romantic place it would be hard to imagine yet it led to a most satisfying relationship for us both. I had had a particularly busy, and in many ways frustrating day in the office, with my immediate boss finding fault with every little thing. In normal circumstances I would have snapped out of my depression the minute I got out into the street but on this night it was pissing with rain and I figured the weather matched my mood.

Then when I got to the bus stop the first two buses flew past full up but not before they had drenched me with the dirty water from the puddle at the side of the road as they passed. Add to this the fact that my steady girl had gone away to Canada for six months so that I hadn't had a shag for over a week and you may get some idea of my feelings. You could say it just had not been my day and no doubt you would be right but from my point of view at the time it did not seem like any day would be my day.

A third bus approached and, miraculously, stopped and actually let people on. Gratefully I sat down in a seat near the door and fumbled though my wet coat for change. I was slouched down in my seat which made it seem even lower than it actually was so that I suddenly saw before my eyes the hemline of a fairly short mini skirt. This was indeed a sight for sore eyes and set my mind working along sexy channels once again. I reckoned her legs went all the way to her arse as the saying goes, and figured she must be a fairly tall girl. Dragging my eyes away from these attractive nylon clad pins I glanced upwards and saw the rest of her shape. Good it was too. Nice narrow waist with sensuously flared hips and a good sized bust, the girl was hanging onto the strap and trying to steady herself on the swaying bus. Maybe it is because I am old fashioned, I have been accused of that before, but I could not allow her to stand all the way like that. With a sigh I clambered to my feet and gave her my seat. At least the grateful smile and length of thigh she exposed as her skirt rode up made my effort worth while I thought.

When the conductor came for her fare she asked for a 22p ticket and although I needed a 28p ticket to get to my destination I also said to the conductor, "22p please." On the spur of the moment and in spite of the weather I had decided I would get off at the same stop as this girl if only to see where she lived. To be truthful I rather fancied this bird and the sight of her nice looking thighs only strengthened my resolve to get to know her better. How to strike up a conversation was the problem. For a while I toyed with the idea of letting myself fall on top of her as the bus swayed around a corner but finally rejected this method as being perhaps too obvious. I was no nearer a solution when she began to rise and, figuring she must be getting ready to get off at the next stop, I made my way to the door ahead of her.

In typical fashion the bus stopped with a jerk causing the passengers to bump and stumble. Looking over my shoulder I saw the girl was right behind me and as soon as I was on the edge of the pavement I turned to place my hand under her elbow and help her off. She gave me a dazzling smile as she said, "My! We are the proper Sir Galahad today aren't we?"

"One tries to remember one's manners," I replied trying to sound as though I meant it.

"I would call it more your specialised form of pick-up." she answered and as she still favoured me with her smile it was easy for me to fall into step alongside her.

"Okay you win," I laughed, "but I do mean it when I say that up until I saw you on the bus I had a hellish day. Nothing seemed to go right from the start. Then you appeared and everything seemed worth living for again."

"Correction again. What you mean to say is that my thighs appeared and you wondered if my skirt would go high enough to let you see my panties! Come on now! Admit it!"

"For a mind reader you don't do bad," I responded. "Maybe I did stare at your legs more than I should have but take it from me they're well worth looking at."

"At least you're honest as well as gallant for your own ends," she said as she stopped outside a block of flats. "This is where I live, right at the top, so, if you've nothing better to do, you're welcome to come up with me and have a drink to keep the germs away in this weather. I've only got whisky so I hope that's alright?.'

I assured her whisky would be fine and followed her up the five floors to the top of the building. Being slightly behind her I had a good chance to see a fair way up her skirt but my hopes of seeing all I wanted were dashed as all I could see were her nylon clad thighs almost but not quite as high as the bottom of her bum cheeks. In fact all I learned from this observation under her skirt was the fact that she appeared to be wearing tights. That might be a problem later on then again it might not. Although she appeared well endowed for sex with big tits and all there was no guarantee I would make her on this occasion. Still a drink and a chat at least held out some hope for the future.

When we entered her flat I was immediately impressed with the tidiness of the place. Consisting of a sitting cum dining room off which was a curtained kitchenette, a bedroom, and a bathroom it was well designed and spotlessly clean. Without the slightest trace of embarrassment she showed me where to find the whisky and soda and asked me to do the honours. "I'm just going for a pee but don't drown my scotch," she announced.

I found the bottle of scotch and poured out a couple of stiff pegs. After squirting a splash of soda in each I sat down in one of the two armchairs and waited for her return.

She took rather longer than I had expected but all she said when she took her drink from me was that she had decided to get out of some of her wet things. Frankly she seemed to be dressed the same as she had been to me but I passed no comment on this at the time. Raising her glass she said, "Here's to you, Sir Galahad! By the way I'm Hilda Parker."

"John Frampton, and here's to you Lady Guinivere!" I replied trying to keep the same historical idea going.

"And you know what Sir Galahad did to the Lady Guinivere don't you?"

"I'd hate to guess," I replied.

"From what I remember he screwed her daft!"

"Oh I thought that was Sir Lancelot."

"It doesn't matter. He had a lot of lance anyway or so I'm led to believe," she replied with the infectious grin of hers.

"Ah the good old days," I sighed.

"Would you really like to go back to them?" she asked.

"Wouldn't you?" I countered.

"In some ways I suppose I would but women had a pretty rough bloody time of it then compared to now. I'm not really a woman's lib fanatic but I think you must agree women should have as much of a chance to take the lead as men in most things."

"I'll accept that and I suppose I should be grateful for it. I mean a few years ago no girl would have invited a more or less completely strange man up to her flat for a drink at this time of day. I agree girls should be allowed to take the initiative but when you get down to the nitty-gritty do you think that should include sex?"

I knew I was sticking my neck out bringing sex into our conversation so early but with me it is all or nothing. Why waste valuable time beating around the bush? Unless it is a pussy bush of course! Her reply, however, really set the stage for subsequent events. "Definitely sex!" she replied.

When I asked her to explain she pointed out that though it may have escaped my male chauvinist mind girls had every bit as much an urge for their nooky as us men. Why should they not exploit this and gain their satisfaction? Did I think a girl's snatch was designed merely to give the male of the species a bit of release when he felt a wank wasn't sufficient? As long as the girl made sure she

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was not going to end up in the pudding club why should she not be entitled to get her satisfaction from a man without having to wait to be asked? These and other similar questions were hurled at me with machine gun rapidity until at last I was able to get a word in edgeways and tell Hilda she had convinced me.

"Sorry for going on like that but I just get so steamed up when I think I might have to wait for an invitation before I can spread my legs," she said.

"I see what you mean or rather I don't see what you mean if you see what I mean," I said, making the whole issue entirely complicated.

"Christ I'll need another drink before I can even try to work that one out. Be a pet and pour it for me and have another yourself."

I took her glass and turning my back to her I began to refill it and my own. I was just splashing more soda into the scotch when she said, "Is this what you don't see that I mean?"

Turning around I saw her standing facing me, her feet wide apart, holding the hem of her skirt up around her waist! I damned near dropped the glasses as I told her that that was exactly what I was getting at. Although I had thought she was wearing tights when I followed her up the stairs I saw now that she had nylon stockings held up by frilly red suspenders. Her vee was covered by tiny red bikini briefs pulled so tight into her crotch that I could easily make out the crack in the front of her mound. I know I was standing gaping and though it could only have been for a few seconds I had the start of a good hard-on going for me as a result. Hilda was not slow to spot this purely natural reaction to her womanly charms and dropped her skirt saying, "I think we know the score now but if you think you're going to get across me as easily as all that you're mistaken. I'll be honest and admit I rather fancy you but you should know I can perform better when I'm not hungry – for food that is! So do we go out for a meal or do you want me to make something here?"

I wanted her like mad but at the same time I didn't see why she should be making all the conidtions. Independence is fine and equality is possibly better but at the same time one has to draw the line somewhere. "How do you know I haven't any other arrangements for tonight?" I asked.

"Oh well in that case don't let me detain you," she replied.

This was not the answer I had expected and the only thing I could see to do was to give in as gracefully as possible. "As it turns out I've nothing special to do tonight so I'd be delighted if you'd let me take you out for dinner."

"I thought you might say that," she replied with disarming honesty. "Can I choose where we'll go? It's not too expensive I promise."

"Okay by me but let's get one thing straight before we go out. The only way I'll agree is if you let me pay. I can see by the glint in your eye and from what you've said before that you're probably thinking of paying your share. If I'm right then it's just not on."

"You're not such a bad mind-reader yourself," she chuckled, "but if that's how you feel then I'll accept gratefully. I just don't want you thinking I'm one of these girls who only bestow their favours for what they can make out of it whether it's cash, a free meal, or whatever."

"I'm not very likely to think that Hilda," I told her to which she replied, "Fine. In that case excuse me for a few minutes and I'll go and get changed". Before I could say or do anything she was out of the room and I heard her singing softly to herself from the direction of the bedroom.

I'll say one thing for Hilda – she wasn't one to waste time. As good as her word she returned five minutes later dressed in a long, low cut, evening dress with a rose strategically placed at the vee of her cleavage and looking like a million dollars. "Will I do?" she asked, giving a twirl in front of me. I assured her she was perfect and hastily gulped down the remains of my drink as I left with her.

The rain had stopped by this time and since she said the restaurant she had in mind was only a couple of blocks away we walked the short distance. Quite naturally she took my arm and I must confess I was proud to be seen out with her. The more so when I spotted one or two envious male glances thrown in our direction.

The restaurant she had chosen was fairly small and select. The lighting was dim though bright enough to see by. Soft music played in the background and when I saw the menu I knew she had chosen well. There was a good selection of dishes to choose from and quite reasonably priced I thought. We ordered our meal and as I knew I had sufficient cash with me I got Hilda to pick a wine that was her favourite. Seated close to each other on the bench type seat we ate our meal and talked about everything and anything as we found out more about each other. In fact about the only subject that was not raised again was sex. But that was just until the coffee and liquers were served.

At that stage of our meal Hilda took my hand and, taking advantage of the dim lighting, led my unresisting fingers to the zip on the side of her dress. Staring from about the level of her bust I pulled it down to just below her waist. Although the invitation had been obvious I hesitated for a moment which gave her time to whisper, "Poke your hand in and goose my fanny if you like Johnnie."

Wriggling my fingers I eased my hand through the opening feeling the stiff material of her suspender belt first. Drifting my fingers across the narrow front panel of it I suddenly found I was stroking wiry pussy hair! Hilda was knickerless! Talk about the true liberated woman!

Spotting my look of amazement at this discovery Hilda permitted herself a tight little smile and placed her hand lightly over the rising bulge at my fly. She squirmed a little in her seat to settle herself and my groping hand more comfortably then squeezed my tool which I took as a signal to begin fingering her quim. Her muff was furry and beautiful as the rest of her. After frigging her fanny for a couple of moments I burrowed my fingers through her luxuriant minge fringe to find the line of her slit behind. Nicely damp I rubbed my finger over her swelling quim lips until I was able to insert the tip a little way in between them, Making wiggling and circular motions inside her snatch box I glanced at her face as the grip she had on my cock grew keener. Glistening in the low light, her mouth

Continued on page 71

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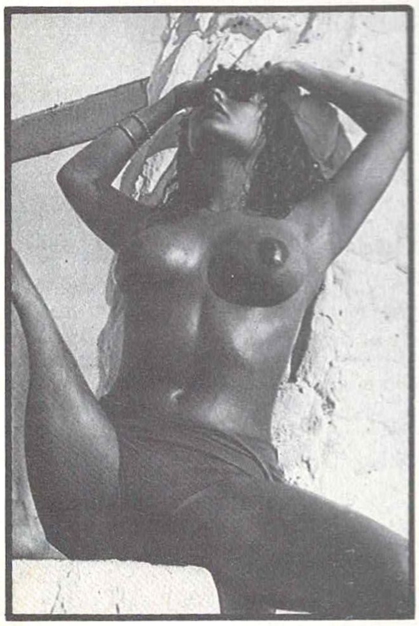

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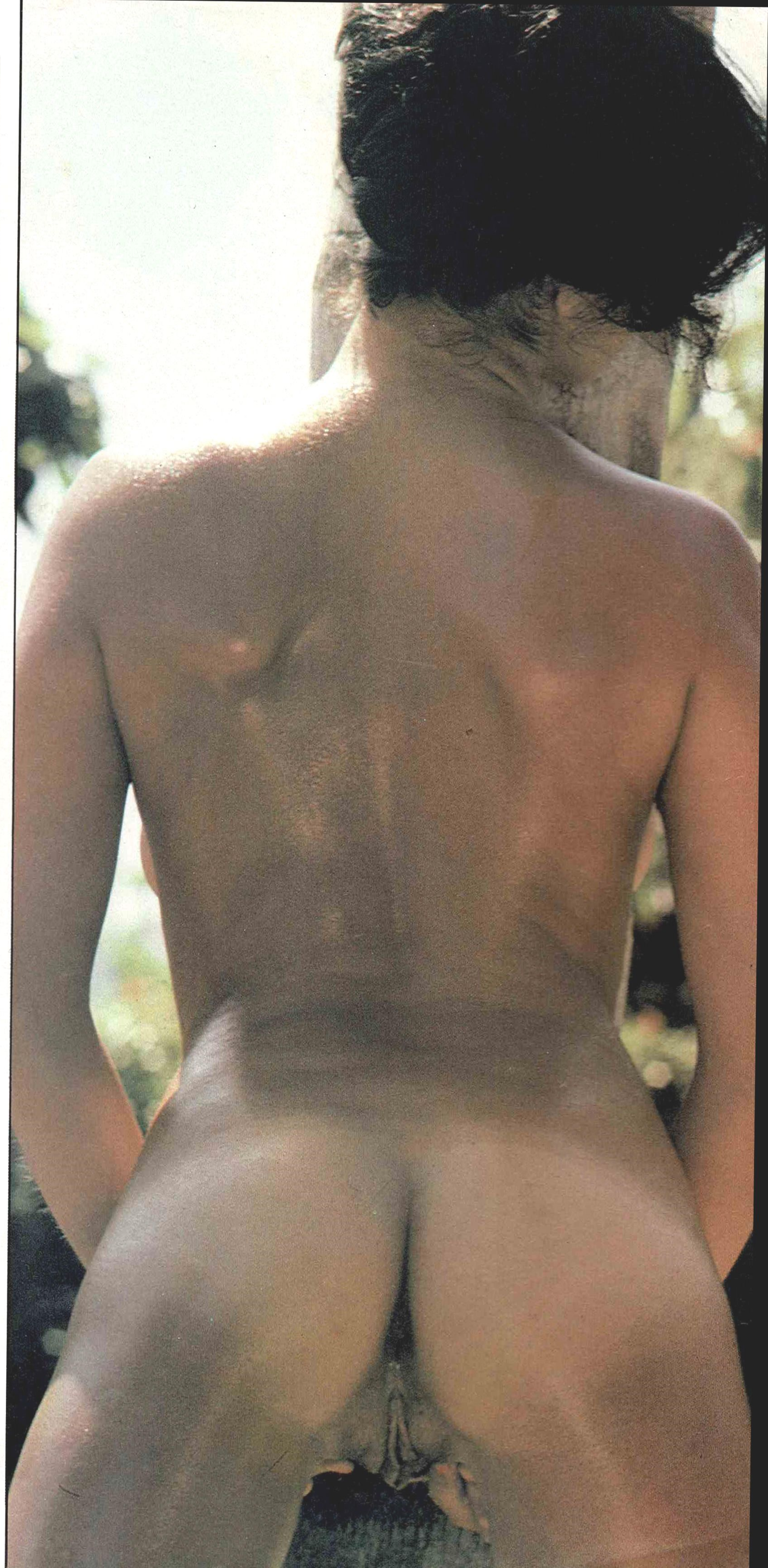
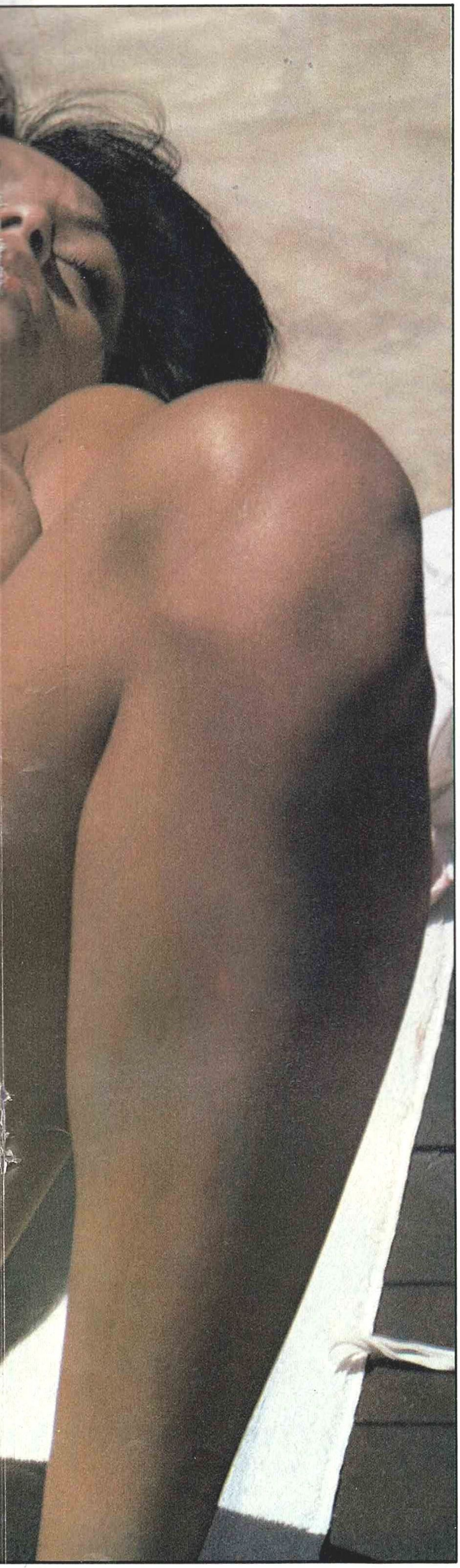
CONCHITA SANTOS

SHE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL – SHE'S A COVER GIRL

We hope you agree with us that the lovely Conchita featured here is something very special. These pictures first appeared in Cover Girls magazine. Cover Girls now only publish photographs of models who have never before appeared in any British glamour magazine, so you can be sure that if you buy INTERNATIONAL COVER GIRLS that you WON'T be looking at the same old faces. AND Cover Girls only features the very best looking models, they are all as good as, or better than Conchita featured here. However, we thought this such a wonderful set that our readers wouldn't want to miss out on it, even if it has appeared in Cover Girls magazine before! If really beautiful girls, high quality photography and luxurious locations turn you on, we urge you to try a copy of the NEW LOOK International Cover Girls. It's available from the newsagent who sold you this magazine, just £1, alternatively send £1.25 for the latest issue to Cover Girls Magazine, 34 Upton Lane, London E.7.





Film fans who like really beautiful birds in luxurious, 'up-market' situations should not miss out on PLAYBIRDS – THE MOVIE, this is a really great thriller which is showing now all over Britain (see page 8 for some of the playdates), and it's NOW showing 7 days a week at the Moulin, Gt. Windmill Street, Soho. This is a film for ADULTS ONLY as it's very naughty, but it's extremely well made, so that it will appeal to most people – the plot is superb!

SPECIAL FILM REVIEW

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

We call this section this month a Special Film Review, as we are reviewing not just a run-of-the-mill sex film, but THE FILM OF THE YEAR and probably the sex comedy of the decade. Nearly twelve years ago a film called 'Seventeen' shocked the British public with its simple, straightforward, explicit, sexual humour, Seventeen lasted just fifty minutes and had subtitles! Now in 1979 there is a film that has the same directness, the same humour, the same sort of comedy. HOWEVER, this film is made in English and lasts nearly two hours... THIS FILM IS 'THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR' and a film that should be seen by every reader of this magazine – if you like Cover Girl, you'll certainly like this film!

THE STORY

In the film, David Galaxy, played by Allan Lake (remember him as Dougan in 'The Playbirds'), is a highly sexed young man who's a 'con man' and 'astrologer'. The film revolves around the sexy life he leads and the girls he seduces. However, this film has underlying meaning and a vicious sting in its tail (we can't tell you exactly what it is here, for fear of giving away the plot). Some of the tricks he gets up to in order to 'bed' young ladies will truly astound you, as well as giving you a few new approaches yourself!

He seduces Traffic Wardens, Virgins, Nurses, girls straight from Finishing Schools, au pairs, girls who've never had orgasms... they all fall prey to DAVID Galaxy. This film will really appeal to any young men called DAVID, or their friends, it will really boost their ego!

THE FILM

This is a really professionally made film. It carries a real punch at the end. The colour is superb and the music magical. No doubt the record from the film will be extremely popular this Summer when it comes out as a single. This is a big movie production and way ahead of the standard normally found in 'sex films.'

THE GIRLS

These alone make the film a guaranteed winner. It combines Britain's leading four sex symbols on one great film: Mary Millington, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight and Rosemarie England PLUS fifty really other lovely young ladies (including many top 'television faces' many of whom have never stripped off before in public, but cheeky David Galaxy has persuaded them to strip for him!)

THE ACTORS:

This film brings together a truly great cast to make this a very special sex comedy. All your favourites are there, but we would stress that this does not mean that this is a 'soft' movie.

THE HUMOUR

This is the best thing about this film. It's so bloody funny! You will be highly amused by this film and probably laugh yourself stupid! You are guaranteed to feel great after you've seen it! However the humour is clever, not just crude, although some of the humour revolves around some highly explicit sex/nude scenes. There has never been a film as funny as THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR and as it's clever it will appeal to men AND women, so we strongly suggest you take a lady with you when you see this film, it's sure to make her feel happy, turn her on and put her in the mood for... you know what! (and if you're short of ammunition, call in David Galaxy he's always prepared!)

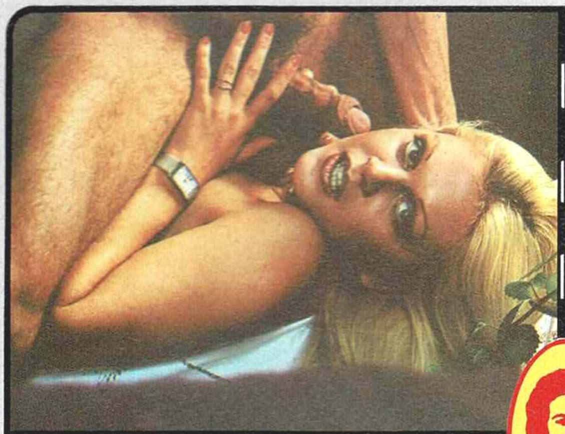
THE SEX:

We would point out here and now that this is a film for ADULTS ONLY. It's a very hot and explicit film, but it's done in a clever and 'up market' way so it should be to nearly everyone's tastes. See the hottest sex film ever made, see the funniest sex film ever made, see the best film shown in Britain for ten years... THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR.

HOW YOU CAN SEE THE FILM:

The film will be showing from around April in Central London, watch this magazine or buy The Evening News or Standard (Entertainment section) for the release date and cinema. (The film will be shown on a limited release around Britain so travel to see it!)

We would point out that the stills appearing with this review of the best film ever made The David Galaxy Affair are from the overseas, un-cut, version of the film.



IMPOTENT HUSBAND

BY JOHN FRAMPTON

"Do you do massage? I mean do you do vibro massage?" the voice on the telephone asked with heavy emphasis on the vibro bit.

Frankly I had never done anything like this before but I was not about to admit to my ignorance. Not that I could really, having deliberately put myself in the position where this question was inevitable. I had replied to an advert in a Contact Magazine which asked for a virile male to massage the nineteen year old wife of a fifty-two year old man. From the way the advert had been worded I guessed the young wife really wanting a seeing to with the full permission of her very much older husband. Now that is my department. Regardless of how she wanted screwing I reckoned I could give a good account of myself. At least I've had no complaints about my fucking ability. Just as long as I could get away with this massage thing. Providing that turned out to be satisfactory I reckoned I'd get my end away no bother.

So, putting all the confidence I failed to feel into my voice, I replied, "Of course. As far as I could see from your advert that was what you required and I'd hardly be stupid enough to offer my services if I didn't have considerable experience in that direction."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to doubt you," the voice answered. "It's just that we want to make sure and we don't want any time wasters."

"Think nothing of it," I replied magnanimously. "Now suppose you give me your name and address and suggest a suitable day and time when I might call."

"Yes. I'm Paul McRoberts and my wife is Monique. How would tomorrow evening suit you, around seven o'clock?"

"Fine, but where do I come to?" I reminded him.

"Oh we live at 27 Acacia Avenue," he replied. "Do you know it?"

I assured him I knew where Acacia Avenue was and that I'd have no difficulty in finding it. Indeed I was rather surprised, though I can't think why that should have been, since it was in a rather select district of our town. But there it was and when you get down to it sex is classless anyway. However as far as that was concerned I wasn't worried. My problem was going to be how to find out all about vibro massage in twenty-four hours. In the event I didn't discover anything much and just had to go and hope for the best. Of course I could always have simply called it off but I never was one to pass up a chance of a bit of nooky with a willing young bird. Accordingly I put my trust in the Lord and set out in good time the following evening.

I walked slowly along Acacia Avenue until I came to No.27. A neat, tidy, suburban villa with a small garden at the front and presumably a larger one at the back. Parked in the pathway was a fairly new Rover car so obviously money was no problem here. All in all I liked the look of the place.

In answer to my ring on the doorbell the door was opened to reveal a small balding man dressed in open-necked shirt, well pressed slacks, slippers, and no socks. I rightly guessed that this was the Paul McRoberts of my phone call and shook hands as we introduced ourselves to each other. He showed me into the lounge, gave me a whisky, and said he would go and fetch his wife. I took the opportunity to have a good look around the room and in particular at the decoration. It was like nothing I'd ever seen before.

The walls were entirely covered with pictures – both paintings and photographs. They all showed men and women, some nude, some partially clothed, in various sexual poses and engaged in all sorts of sex activity. It must be said that as far as I could see all of them were tastefully done and none could be considered even mildly pornographic. I searched in vain for any photos showing Paul and wondered which of the girls, if any, were Monique. Then I decided it didn't really matter. All the females looked right ravers and I would have been happy to go through any of them.

I also hoped I would see at least one which would give me an idea of what this massage was all about but in this I was again unlucky. The closest one to that sort of thing that I could see showed a big busted girl with a vibrator stuffed up her pussy and obviously enjoying the sensations she was receiving. Hardly massage though so I reckoned I would just need to play it by ear and hope I wouldn't make too much of a bollocks of the thing. My reverie was interrupted by the return of Paul leading a stunning tall dark haired girl into the room.

This was Monique. Young, most attractive, she exuded charm and sex from every pore. A guaranteed turn on I felt my cock begin to swell and climb upwards as I took her cool hand in mine when Paul introduced us. She was wearing an ultra short micro dress which only came down fractionally past her crotch when she was standing. Low cut at the top it came nowhere near covering her ample bosom and, unless it was a very skimpy affair, she was not wearing a bra. Her breasts were high, full and firm, and, perhaps from the thought of what was about to take place, her nipples were erect and straining against the fabric of her dress. She was tall but perfectly proportioned and I longed to get in between those lovely long legs. She took a drink from Paul and then turned to me and said, "Well. Are you satisfied with what you see?"

I had not been aware that I had been standing staring at her lush body but I guess that must

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From the Publishers of this Magazine

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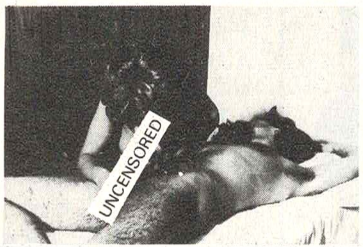

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have been so. Hastily I apologised for my lack of manners but with a lilting little laugh she replied that she was more flattered by my reaction and to think no more about it. Then she sat down. And crossed her legs!

I szt down on the settee opposite her which Paul indicated and was treated to a superb view of Monique. Her thighs looked truly powerful and as the hem of her dress rose up to crotch level I was given a view of her tiny peach coloured panties. Cut high on the thigh they barely covered her pussy triangle the top of which I could just make out above her crossed legs. She was turning me on like mad so that my prick was hard and painful creating an interesting bulge at my fly which Monique was not slow to notice. In fact she was staring at it as openly as I had apparently stared at her when we had first met. Then she sent Paul out of the room to bring their photograph album for me to see.

When he returned a few moments later Monique rose from her chair to come and sit beside me on the settee and giving me a quick flash of pantie covered snatch as she got up. Paul sat on the other side of me and laid the photo album on my lap so that they could both explain the pictures to me. As soon as I opened it at the first page I knew that a lot of my massage problems were solved.

As it turned out all the photos were of Monique being massaged by Paul and since they were all in sequence I soon got the idea of what she liked. Now I was very much happier especially as I noted as we got further through the album that although Paul was giving her a most intmate massage and both were nude his prick was still flaccid. In point of fact it was still dead soft in the last photo as well.

When we closed the album Monique asked, "Did you notice anything in particular in these photos, John?"

I was tempted to answer that the most obvious thing was Paul's limp tool but did not want to risk hurting his feelings. I began to stammer and stutter so that Monique cut in again saying, "You don't need to be shy, John. You must have noticed that Paul cannot raise much of a hard-on except on the very odd occasion. On the other hand you will have gathered that I need fucking regularly. We struck on the massage idea some time ago and it satisfied me for a while but it is virtually only wanking and I need more than that. Luckily Paul is an understanding husband and recognises this need of mine. Need I say more?"

"I think I've got the message, Monique," I replied. "I guess that if I get you sufficiently worked up with the machine you want me to screw you afterwards. Is that right?"

"That's about the size of it and providing the size of your nudger is right I'd say you've got a hole in one!" she quipped as she got to her feet.

"Let's hope so!" I replied fervently though I had not much doubt but that my sexual tackle would come up to her expectations.

With another good hard look at my bulging fly she took her drink and, telling Paul to bring me up to the bedroom in five minutes left the room with a seductive wiggle of her pert bottom. Paul freshened my drink and took another one himself before giving me a few hints about what was expected of me. He told me that Monique was a slow starter but once she got really in the groove she was the greatest raver going. They had discovered through experience that they got the best results after showing their photos and assured me that providing I kept roughly to that sequence we would get on famously. Anyway he assured me he would be with us too and would give what advice he thought necessary. All I had to do was to follow his instructions if I began to get out of my depth. Then it was time for us to go up to Monique.

I went into the bedroom ahead of Paul and saw the best sight of my life. Stretched out on the bed, totally naked, Monique lay with a happy look of expectancy on her face. Her large tits lay flat on her chest like a pair of deep upturned saucers each tipped by a large erect nipple that must have been the best part of an inch long. In spite of the fact that Paul had said she was a slow starter I could see the odd drop of moisture gleaming on her quim curls below her smooth flat belly. However there was no sign of her pussy lips through her dense fanny fuzz so maybe he was right. Her bosom rose and fell gently as I began to strip off as Paul had directed. By the time I was nude Monique had turned over to lie face downwards on the bed with her enticing bum presented to my admiring gaze.

Meanwhile Paul had opened a case containing an electric massager with five interchangeable heads which he plugged into the nearest power point. He switched it on to test it then showed me how to work the three speed attachment. This done he gave me a large tin of talcum powder and instructed me to sprinkle it generously over Monique's bare back and bottom then to start with the machine and one hand on her shoulders. With my pussy prodder sticking out in front of me like a randy bargepole I advanced on the beautiful naked girl lying on the bed.

I sprinkled the talc over her as instructed then began to knead her neck and shoulder with my spare hand while I ran the massager with its whirring head up and down her spine. Paul called out to me to make circular movements with the machine and the difference this made to Monique was fantastic. As soon as she felt the rotating movements she squirmed, sighed happily and gave herself up to the joyous sensations rippling through her body. Gradually I worked my way down her back until I placed the head of the machine on the buttock crease between the smooth globes of her bum cheeks. Her thighs parted slightly which enabled me to tease and tickle her puckered tight little arsehole while I continued the massage of her rear and thighs with the massager. Stray strands of her twat bush poked wetly through between her legs giving me some indication of how she was getting turned on. Paul briefly stopped me to change the head on the machine then I went back to work on her all over again having returned back to her neck and shoulders.

In time I reached her bum again but after only a couple of minutes attention at this delightful spot she suddenly jerked away from me and flipped over to lie on her back. Phase two was about to commence. Again Paul changed the head of the machine to a much softer one and advised that I should continue on her tits and took the trouble to inform me that her right teat was the most sensitive. This being the case I began on her left boob then ran the machine gently up and down the deep valley of her cleavage before placing the pulsating head of it lightly on top of her right stiffened nipple. The effect this had on her was fantastic.

She writhed, wriggled, moaned and gurgled in her ecstasy. Her hand shot out to rip down the zip of Paul's fly and grope around until she had his still soft dongler held firmly in her fingers. She flobbed his tool furiously and then, happening to glance downwards, I saw the effect this teat massage was having on her private parts. Her swollen quim lips protruded through the dense growth of her pussy hairs, gleaming and glistening in the light, spread wide open like the petals of a blossoming flower with her stiff clit poking cheekily out. I was on the point of moving the massager down to her spasm chasm when she came off with no further assistance from me.

The grip she had on Paul's tool tightened as she screwed her face up before yelling aloud as the first thunderous spasm roared through her heaving body. She was rigid for a brief moment, her bum raised clear of the bed as her entire body shook and trembled before she erupted in her violent orgasm. Again and again she jerked and bounced while her lovejuice pissed out from her gaping love gash in a steady stream. Seeing the effect it was having on her I kept at it, keeping her passions on the boil, until she finally shuddered to a halt and fell back limp and lathered in sweat. At this Paul smiled at me then said to wait only a minute or two and continue the assault at the portals of her lovetube.

Monique still had a good grip of his weapon, which I couldn't help noticing was still nowhere near hard enough to poke up any snatch, but that did not prevent him from managing to pass me a more conventional battery operated vibrator. I knew perfectly well what to do with this.

I only allowed her the bare couple of minutes that Paul had suggested before I switched the vibrator on and laid it against her furry lovebox. Slowly she began to gyrate her hips again as the vibrating instrument tormented her clit. She was ripe for another climax but just before she came off again she managed to give me a weak smile as she found and gripped my solid hard-on. Then I set to work to give her her next shattering climax. I stroked the throbbing vibrator along the full length of her crack, just letting the tip of it touch her clit now and again, while I massaged her smooth belly with the palm and fingers of my other hand. If her juices had been pissing out of her hole before they were now pouring out in a veritable flood. Never in all my experience had I known a bird to lubricate in such copious quantities – not that I was about to complain about that. In a very short space of time she again approached her peak. I waited until the very last moment then rammed the vibrator up her wide open snatch as far as I could raising her again to undreamed of heights of lust and passion. She was completely sent, out of this world I am sure, then I heard a long low moan from Paul on the other side of Monique.

His wife was still pumping her hand up and down his cock

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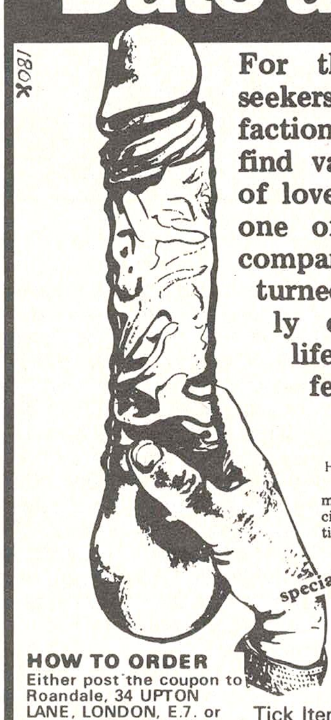

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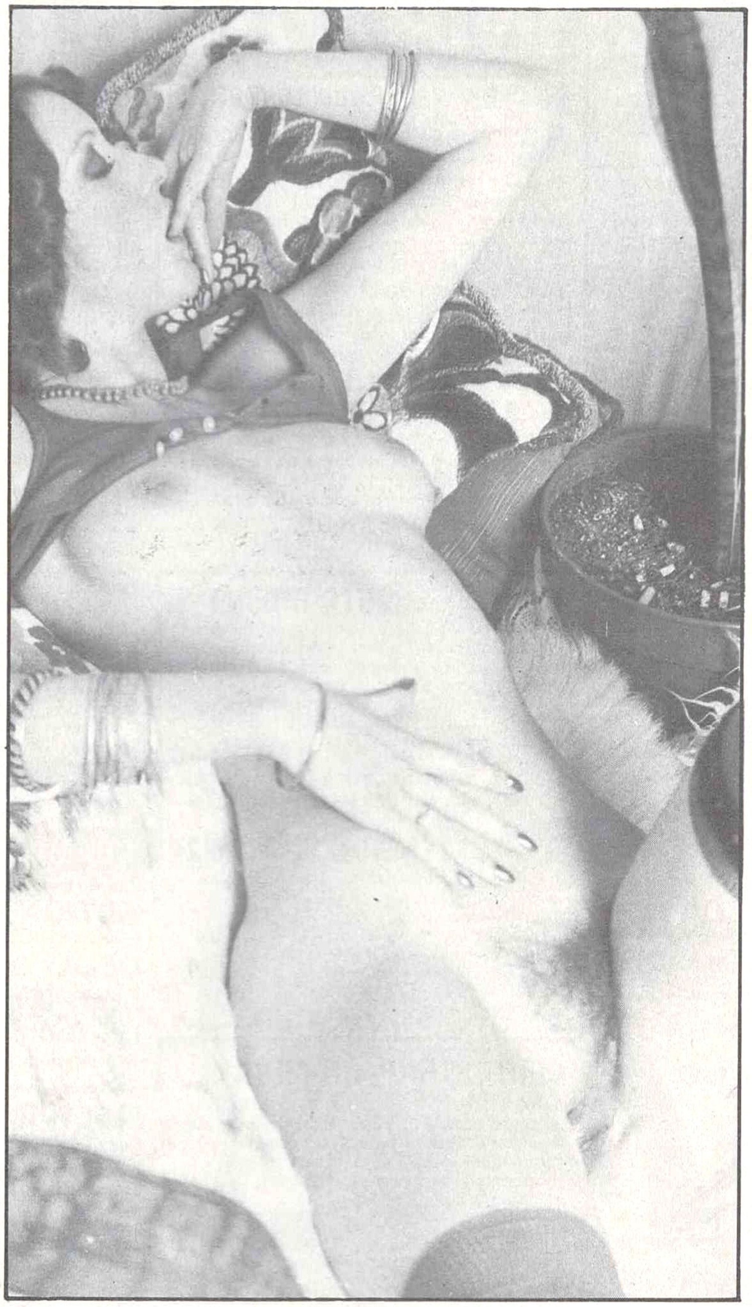
which, though at best only half hard, was visibly throbbing. Then he came off. I could see his thighs quiver as he clutched at Monique's tits as his spunk began to come out. Had it been myself I would have been ashamed of the effort but he seemed satisfied enough with the result. His cream merely seemed to dribble out from the tip of his knob to trickle between Monique's fingers and onto the bed. A poor attempt in all conscience but as I say he seemed quite pleased with the result and the vague smile that flitted across Monique's face even during her orgasm as she felt his seed coming showed she was just as happy about it.

In the midst of this wanking session the grip on my tool became keener so that I feared she might toss me off in this manner as well. This was one thing I most certainly did not want. I was as anxious to come as anyone but when I did shoot my load I wanted it to be up the hole nature had designed for it and nowhere else. Luckily Monique was so far gone by this time that I managed to get my prick away from her clutching fingers for long enough to let my urgency ease off a bit and save my spunk for the next time I would bring her off.

Paul was quickly recovering from his effort and though she was still coming Monique had eased down on her movements so that it was with less violence than formerly. Paul leaned over his wife's trembling naked body and whispered, "Get stuck up her now, John," and helped by spreading her legs wide apart. Willingly she raised her knees to present her saturated slippery slit to my purple headed gleaming knob. Slowly I lowered my tensed body on top of her supine frame and felt her sticky fingers guide my shaft in between her puffed up lovelips. Taking it as easy as I could I wormed my throbbing tool into and up her feeling the warmth of her velvety vulva as it enfolded my manhood in its moist embrace. This was sheer heaven as I screwed my weapon' into hersweet smooth sheath until my balls came to rest squashed against the cheeks of her arse. She was shivering with anticipation as I let my rod lie quiescent for a time to soak up her fanny juices and give her an open-mouthed french kiss. Her teats were burning into my hairy chest as her legs came up and across my bum holding me trapped inside her and making us truly at one with each other.

Gently she removed her mouth from mine to murmur, "Now ride me like the stallion you are. Fuck my quim as hard as you like till you fill my cunt with your hot cream. Let it come as quickly as you want. I promise I'll come off as soon as you spurt the first jet!"



I knew I was near my peak and though I normally have fairly good control over my rampant prick I doubted if I could hold back for long on this occasion. Considering the arousal I had had with Monique this was hardly surprising. Still it was comforting to know that I could let myself go at any time without running the risk of leaving her even mildly frustrated. Having been given the all-clear as it was I wasted no time in bashing my tool into her receptive twat as fast and furious as possible.

As I had suspected it only took a few deep, solid, pumping strokes to make my spunk begin to rise up my shaft. I felt the telltale tingle at the tip of my knob briefly then I exploded. Lights flashed before my eyes, the blood pounded in my temples, as my come squirted out in an initial long scalding searing stream. A split second before I had been rigid, my thighs quivering and shaking, but as soon as my spunk began to spurt up Monique's lovetube the tenseness flowed out from me along with it. I prodded my rod harder and faster up her pulsating pussy and, true to her word, Monique flew into orbit with the greatest climax yet.

Her hard belly slapped against mine as we banged into each other with every solid fuck stroke with our pubic hairs rubbing and meshing while our juices mingled and mixed inside and all around her quim. Like a bitch on heat she ground her hips and bounced her bottom like mad. Her long nails scored up and down my back until she reached the very zenith of her peak. At that moment she dug her fingers into my bum, pulling my raging prick even further up her until I thought she might well take my balls inside her as well. And all the time she was shouting, "Ram me harder! Stuff my cunt full you bastard stud! I want all of you up my cunt! Fuck me stupid; oh fuck me harder! Harder!" Then her true moment arrived. Straining every fibre of her being against my pounding prick she gritted, "That's it! Oh yes, that's it! I'm coming! I'm coming! Oh God I'm fucked! Arrggghhh..!"

It is a wonder the bed stood up to it. I've known women to be completely abandoned and violent in the throes of their orgasm but nothing like Monique. She went absolutely crazy with her passionate lust. Even after I had spent the last drops of my come up her and my nudger was showing signs of shrinking she kept hard at it and nothing I could do would stop her. She peaked again and again until it was only sheer physical exhaustion that brought her down from her height of fucking glory and back to earth and reality once more. With a soft plop my wilted weakened cock slipped soggily out from her saturated slit making her give a little moan of genuine loss before she flopped back, her legs still spread wide apart and the mixture of her lovejuices and my come still gleaming on her sexy cunt curls. She fell asleep then and, on Paul's advice I kissed her gently so as not to waken her and eased myself off the bed.

"Come downstairs with me and have a drink, John," he said. "Monique usually goes to sleep after a good solid screwing like that but don't worry; she'll be awake in an hour or two and unless I miss my tuess she'll be more than ready for another bash."

I reached for my shirt and pants but Paul said I didn't need to bother since all the curtains were drawn and nobody could see in. As for him he had no trousers on either and I could just see the wet tip of his soft penis dangling below the tail of his shirt. That, and the fact that if I was going to have another jump with Monique later, decided me it was hardly worth while getting all dressed again. So I padded quite happily after him totally nude and not a little proud of my achievement so far.

While we were having our drink Paul told me something about his past life. It seemed that in his younger days he had quite a reputation for his fucking ability. He admitted he had ragged, bagged and shagged any female he could lay hands on and was fairly sure he had left them nearly all fully satisfied with his performance. He had been married briefly before but

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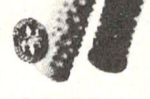

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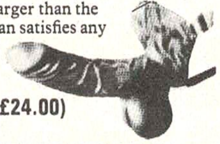

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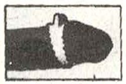
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his wife had been killed in a car accident and he had been so cut up about it that he vowed to remain single for the rest of his life. He had reverted to his old ways of shagging any willing girl then one day he had a heart attack. Rushed to hospital he was treated with great kindness by all the staff but none more so than Monique.

When he was discharged from hospital he continued to see Monique and their friendship blossomed so much that he proposed to her. She accepted him and that was when his current problem really came to light. "You see," he explained, "after I came out of hospital I didn't really feel much like fucking around as before so I never even tried to have it off with Monique before we were married. The terrible fact that I couldn't raise a beat showed up the first night of our honeymoon. Monique stripped naked as soon as we got into our bedroom and a lovelier sight I've yet to see. She stood in front of me with her glorious knockers sticking out in front of her chest and the intriguing dark triangle of her minge fringe enticing me to get across her. Then I found to my horror that my chopper had not given even the merest twitch of anticipation! I was shattered. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before! I only had to get a glimpse of tit or pussy and my prick was raring to go. But now – nothing! For the first time since my wife had been killed I broke down and cried. Not so much for myself, you understand, but for the fact that Monique would be going without the nooky I so earnestly wanted to give her."

He paused in his narrative at this point to take a long pull at his drink and I could see the memory of this incident was still painful to him. I made no comment knowing that he would resume in his own good time and I'd get the rest of the story.

"Monique couldn't have been nicer about it," he went on when he was a trifle more composed. "She told me the drugs they had had to use on me in hospital sometimes had this side effect and, sadly, there was nothing that could be done about it. She held me close as she told me this and I goosed her and played with her tits until I found I had turned her on and she needed sex. There was only one thing I could do. Go down on her. I've always enjoyed a meal at the hairy bun fortunately so there was no problem in that. With her being so nice to me I really ate the heart out of her pussy that night and brought her off that way two or three times. At least she wasn't quite so frustrated. From there we moved onto vibrators and massagers and such things then we decided to broaden our horizons and get healthy young men such as you to service her. Since she's on the pill there's no danger of any unwanted infants arriving and we are both much happier now than ever before. That's about it though frankly I don't know why I've told you all this. I've never admitted it to anyone else," he ended.

"Maybe it's a pity you haven't confided in someone else before," I said thoughtfully. "For two reasons. First, it always helps to share a trouble and secondly I can see your prick is

tures."

"A great idea," he enthused. "I'll do it right now!" With that he rose and pulled a magazine out from the desk. After a bit of a search he exclaimed, "Here it is! In this copy of 'Weekend Sex'," His pen flew over the paper as he wrote his letter and cheque and, minutes later, it was all ready for posting. I promised to send it off for him on my way home then we had another drink to toast his future sex life.

Paul was as impatient to tell Monique what he had done as I was to have another go with her but we had to wait another hour before we heard her calling for us from upstairs. Paul removed the rest of his clothes on the way so that we were both similarly nude when we entered the bedroom. The only difference was that I had a roaring hard-on while Paul's prick was only a little bigger than normal. However it was at least showing some willingness to rise to the occasion so for that he was no doubt thankful enough.

Monique was delighted when he told her about the letter he had written then, at my suggestion, we organised ourselves for a threeway bash. Paul went down on Monique's still moist pussy while she took my rampant tool into her mouth. I beginning to fill again just with talking about Monique. Sure it isn't stiff enough to poke a fanny with but it's at least as hard as it was when she tossed you off upstairs."

"Do you really think so?" he asked, pleased.

I assured him this was indeed the case then went on, "I think it might be a good idea if you tried some erection cream to give your tool the hardness it requires. You see them advertised in magazines like Private, Whitehouse, Park Lane and the like. Monique could rub it into your prick and I'm sure you could then join in fully with all the friends I see in your pic-

used my hands to fondle her tits while she began a slow wanking of Paul's cock. His hands were around her bum, fingering her clit, and so we worked each other up. The entire scene we were enjoying was so filled with eroticism that not even Paul had much difficulty in coming. Whether it was as a result of our talk, what he had done as regards sending for the erection cream, the way Monique was pulling his wire, or simply the sheer atmosphere that was generated between us all, the fact remains that Paul was the first of us to come off. And not in the miserable trickle of his previous spending. This time his spunk shot out in a thick creamy stream which Monique skilfully directed so that it splattered over her tits to dribble down the deep cleavage between them.

The feeling of the warm spunk jetting over her coupled with Paul's vigorous eating of her cunt sent Monique off into raptures of sexual ecstasy. Her juices pissed out from her quivering quim in a veritable flood and the sound of Paul slurping as he drank and lapped up her sexy secretions was too much for me. Monique was sucking and chewing on my tool as she gave me the gobble of a lifetime and I just had to drain the seed in my balls into her hot gulping mouth. My first long streaming creamy jet splattered down her throat at the same time as she came off for her second orgasm with Paul's mouth-fucking. As an example of satisfying group sex it would be hard to beat.

As long as Monique kept on coming and my prick remained nice and hard we continued our multi-sex. Moans, groans, screams, yells, fuck words all filled the air as we shagged our way to our wonderful destiny. It was three very weary but happy people who eventually crumpled in a heap of entwined naked arms and legs when it was all over.

Sadly, shortly afterwards it was time for me to leave. Before I went however, Monique said, "One thing I'll say for you, John. You're a better fucker than massager!" and strangely this remark pleased me no end. I left then promising to be back soon. And I have. Twice!

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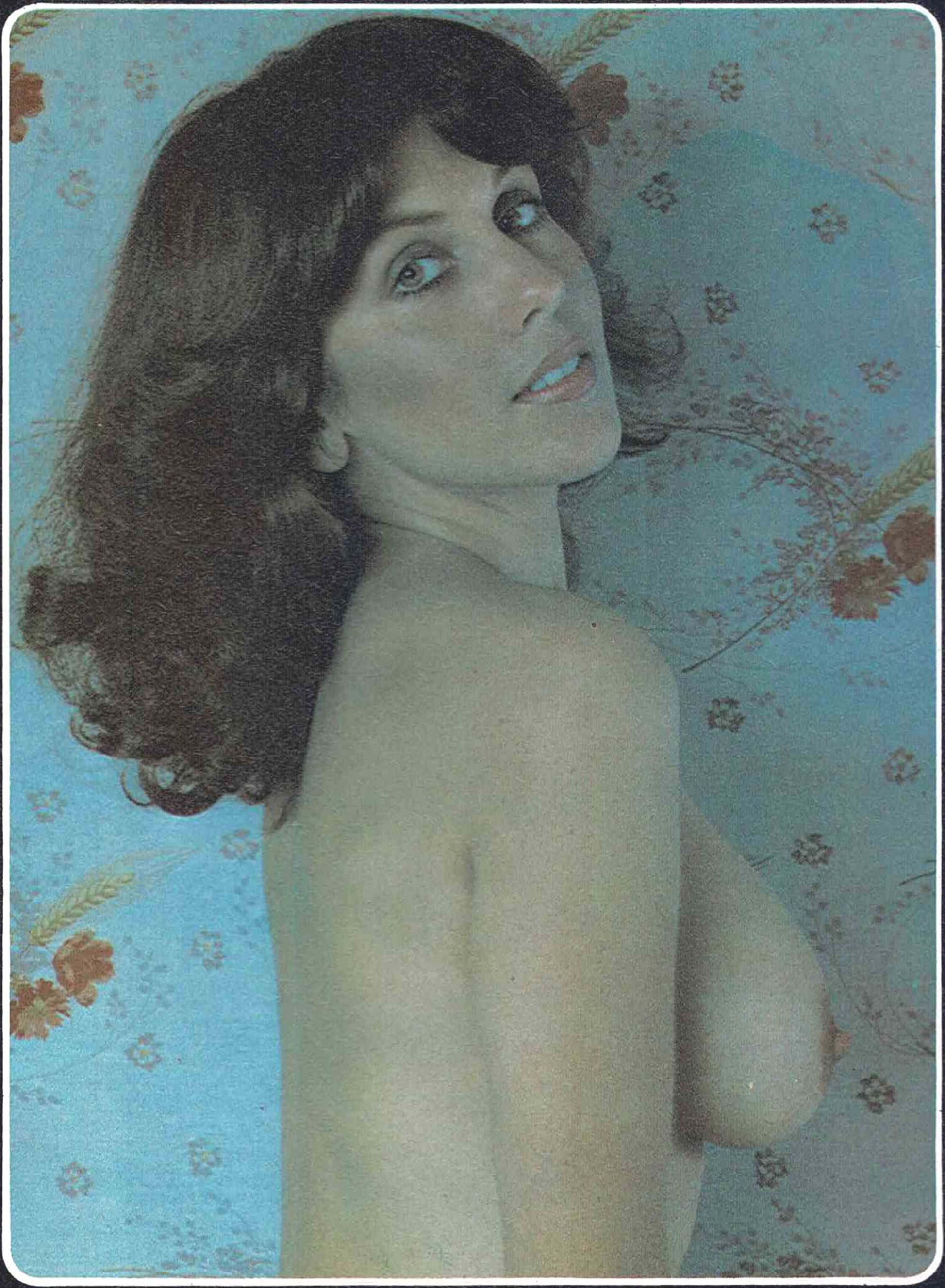

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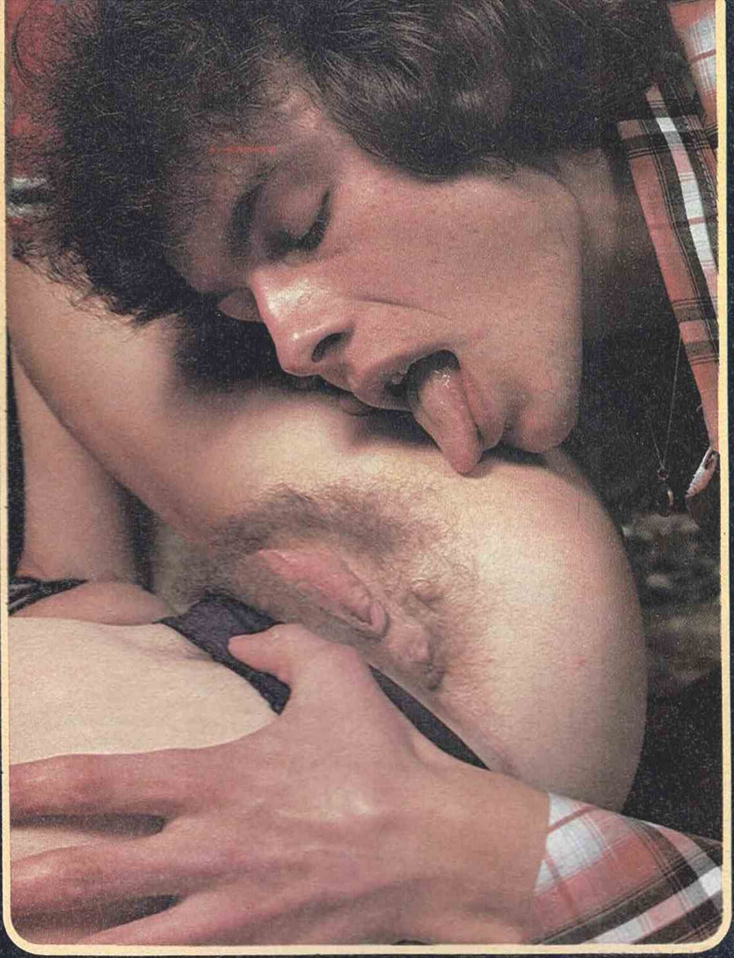
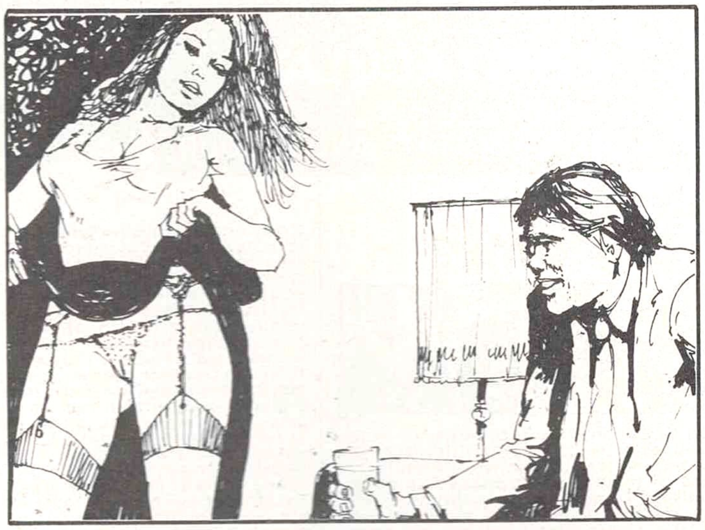


EQUALITY

Continued from page 45



hanging slackly open, and her eyes closed she looked as though she would come at any moment. I couldn't make up my mind if this would be wise or not but Hilda decided for me.

Taking her hand away from my stiff horn she grasped my wrist and gently pulled my groping hand away from her crack. In a gasping whisper she said, "Let's pay the bill and get out of here fast, dear. I'll explain later."

It required no imagination to see that Hilda was hot for a bit of stuffing and as my urge was just about as great I willingly signalled the waitress for the bill. From the look she gave in the direction of the lump at the front of my trousers and the length of time she took to add up the account I am sure she had a good idea what we had been doing. However she passed no comment, for all I knew this sort of thing happened regularly in this establishment and she was used to it, and finally she presented me with the bill. Hilda had however noticed the look the waitress had given my bulging fly and muttered angrily as she left the table, "Nosey bitch! I hope she frustrates tonight!"

"Why worry as long as you don't pet?" I said as I rose and moved her chair out to help her to her feet.

In spite of the look and Hilda's remarks I still tipped the waitress generously as I had taken her interested look more as a compliment to my equipment than anything else. Walking was a trifle difficult to begin with due to the stiffness of my erection but by firmly putting most sexual thoughts out of my mind the tension eased and I was able to move more comfortably with no more than a semi hard-on to impede me. All the same I was glad Hilda's flat was so near at hand as there is no saying what might have happened if we'd had to take a taxi. I know we could have had it off in the back seat but what if the journey had not been long enough for that? However that was an academic question and a few minutes later we were struggling up to her fifth floor flat.

As soon as the door closed behind us Hilda wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately. Her big firm boobs were crushed into my chest as she gyrated her hips, rubbing her crotch hard against mine. With no further encouragement needed my pussy poker shot up thick and stiff making its intention abundantly clear. Feeling my maleness rising and pressing her sex area Hilda broke our clinch and led me straight into her bedroom. With hastily fumbling fingers she hauled down the zip of her dress and pulled it right off. Her dress that is – not the zip!

Seeing her need was so great I tore at my own clothes with the sight she was presenting adding speed to my movements. Not only had she been knickerless but she was braless as well. Naked under her dress apart from her suspender belt and stockings she now stood before me with a look of intense desire on her face. Her bosom was heaving with supressed emotion causing only the slightest wobble in her firm full tits with their dark nipples sticking out hard and proud from the smooth globes of her breasts. The fanny fuzz I had been groping such a short time before was perfectly framed by her belt, the bushy triangle holding the tiny drops of moisture oozing out from her quim and making them twinkle like a myriad of stars as the light caught them.

When I was down to only my underpants I heard Hilda give a long sigh of approval. I have a preference for tiny briefs and such was the size of my beat that the tip of my manhood poked up starkly through the waistband. This had caused my foreskin to retract so that the purple helmet of my knob stood revealed in all its randy glory. Immediately Hilda was at my side and, hooking her fingers into the elastic, eased my pants down over my shaft and balls and down my hips. Sinking to her knees she drew my pants right down to my ankles to let me step out of them while she blew on my knob and kissed it tenderly. With her arms clasped around my naked thighs I had to hold her head to keep my balance but not for long. Her tits brushing my knees she climbed upright and pulled me down on top of the bed with her. She wrapped her legs around mine, the sensation of the nylon stockings and the clips of her suspenders digging into me sending me wild with passion, as we clung nakedly to each other. Then with a choking sob she gasped, "Take me now, Johnnie. Plunge your prick right up my quim. I promise I'll not get pregnant so shoot all you have. Oh hurry! For God's sake hurry! I need fucking so much!"

I was every bit as desperate to shag her as she was to be screwed by my turgid weapon and we spun round until Hilda was flat on her back, knees raised, thighs parted, the gaping maw of her juicy cunt wide open, as I poised myself above her. Grasping my rigid rod she guided it swiftly to the soaking entrance of her passion pit then prepared to take the initial driving thrust. With thighs quivering I kept the tip of my knob just inside her love portals for a few seconds then bore down on her with all my might. I felt my cock glide smoothly deep inside her love gash until my balls came to rest pressed tightly against her soft bum cheeks. In one smooth movement she jerked her hips up to meet my driving piston and swept a pillow under the small of her back allowing me maximum penetration. "Oooooh lovely," she crooned. "I feel so very full of cock!"

The velvety feel of her lubricatious lovetube enfolded my prick from tip to root and I could have lain joined to her like

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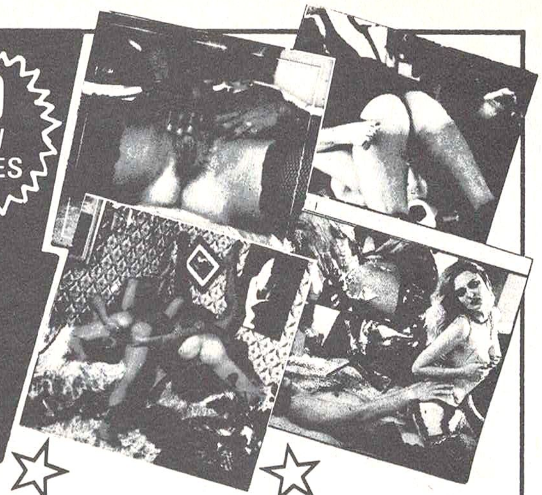
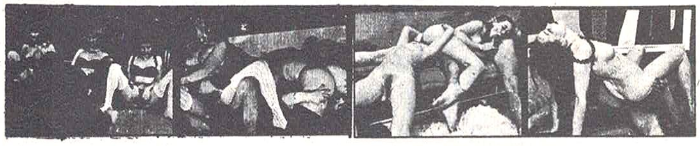


Scandinavian Movie Discount 'Grab Bag' Offer!



We have recently purchased a batch of Super 8 films, the titles of which are in limited quantity. Further supplies of these specific titles from the Continent are unreliable and it is unpractical to publish literature for each title. Hence we wish to dispose of these films at **discounted prices.** Many films originate from the established ranges — Rodox, Intimo, Flesh, Pussycat etc. The quality is superb and the action is strong! — they are bound to please. These films are entirely uncut and contain super porno action — not to be confused with the soft striptease movies generally available in Britain. Simply state your interests on the order form below together with the "Grab Bag" number required. Save **real money** and get the **real thing!**

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Go Gay	Gay
School for Sex	3F/1M
Teensex Holiday	2F/2M
Cum With Me	Les
Sex Safari	3F/3M
Hot and Horny	1F/1M
Just Married	1F/1M
Depraved Dolly	1F/2M
Swingers Orgy	Group
Casanova Blue	2F/1M
Sex Hostage	1M/2F
Pornflick	Group
Wanton Schoolgirls	2F/2M
Pleasure Me	1F/1M
Boys Night Out	Gay
Young and Willing	1F/2M
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Oral Express	1F/1M
Gay Nights	Gay

	Black/White	**Colour**
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15 Films	£105	£170

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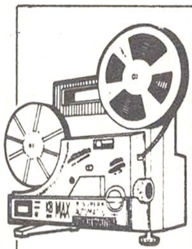

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BUY CLIMAX — BE ASSURED OF THE REAL THING! LB that for an eternity. But Hilda's sexual drive would not permit that and possibly mine would not either. Her hands clasped my arse tightly as she ground our groins together forcing my tool to pump up and down her clutching quim. This was heaven, I decided, as I forced a questing hand in between our straining bodies and gripped her left tit gently. My fingers sank into the soft breast flesh as I rubbed the heel of my hand over her stiff teat, raising her to even greater heights of lustful passion.

The sweat was pouring off us as we worked up to the crescendo of our desire. Faster and faster my prick pistoned into her spasm chasm while Hilda responded and met each and every solid plunging stroke. Our bellies slapped wetly together as we raced to our peaks in a glorious fucking session which could only have one result. Bucking and bouncing, the bed creaking under the strain, we fell into an easy and perfect rhythm as we screwed the arse off each other. Then it was all happening at once.

Hilda screamed, "Yes! Oh yes! That's it! Oh spunk my cunt now! Fill it now you randy bastard! Fuck... me... harder! Oh I'm coming! Coming! Cuuummm... Aarrggghhhh...!" And, digging her nails sharply into my bum she shot off to the peak of her orbit.

This was more than I could take. With her juices pissing out around my shaft, her pussy clasping my prick like a vice, I was unable to contain my seed any longer. With a long grunting groan I gritted I was going to spurt my load which, in spite of her highly charged emotional state, encouraged Hilda to even greater efforts. The tingling at the tip of my knob became almost unbearable then with the greatest feeling of relief the first long scalding jet of creamy smooth spunk jetted from my tool to splatter far inside the deepest innermost recesses of her eager twat. Our shaking sweaty bodies trembled together in unison as the climactic spasms roared through Hilda and I spurted her quim again and again. We were like a couple of animals on heat at the very zenith of our desire. At once it was brutal and atavistic yet tender and loving at the same time. Flying on a cotton wool cloud of our own making we were fulfilling a need and emotion as old as time itself. It was wonderfully exhausting so that when we eventually descended to earth again we were both tired but completely satisfied.

Slowly my stiff subsided until as it slipped out from her saturated slit Hilda gave a soft moan of genuine loss. She clung to me as her last tremor eased.

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Returning to more or less normal I traced a finger down the deep valley of her cleavage as I said, "There are a couple of things that puzzle me Hilda. First I could have sworn you were wearing tights when we arrived here first but you had belt and stockings when you gave me a flash before we went out."

"That's easily explained," she chuckled. "Remember I told you I had changed out of my wet things? Well that was quite right but it wasn't from the rain as you seem to have thought. I knew you had been trying to see up my skirt as we came up the stairs to the flat and the thought of that had made me feel quite randy to the extent that my panties and tights were damp. Knowing men like I do I figured suspenders were more sexy so decided to give you a treat. If that answers your first question what about the other one?"

"Simply how could you be so sure you would not end up in the pudding club as you said just as we were getting on the job?"

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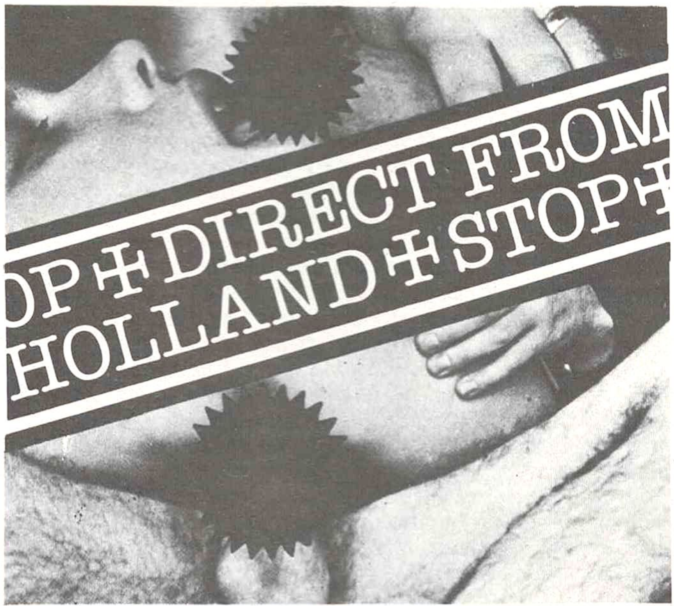
"Easy," she laughed. "I'm not so bloody stupid as to let myself get fucked without taking some sort of precautions. I've been on the Pill ever since I can remember so if I were to have a bastard by you it would be the miracle of the century. Satisfied?"

"More than!" I exclaimed, giving her a deep tongue-searching kiss and feeling her clit begin to stiffen again at my touch. Again her hand reached for my dick and balls and such was the expertness of her touching up that I began to get a renewed hard-on. Within a few minutes it was as stiff as a poker and all ready for the new round of our sexual joust.

This time I took her from the rear, doggy fashion, with her smooth bum presented towards me. Through the gap in her thighs I could see a tuft of curly pussy hair at her cleft which, if anything, only made my rod stiffer. Then I was rammed right up her lovely hot crack and banging away at it with all my might once more. In this position I was able to put my arms around her hips so that at the moment of truth I was able to finger her hard love button. Our climax this time was every bit as thrilling as the first time we had fucked even though I did not have nearly as much cream to spunk up her. Still it was sufficient and once again our basic urges had been satisfied in the nicest possible way.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Sadly I had to leave to go back to my own place shortly after this doggy grind but not before I had date with Hilda for the following evening. As I was dressing, Hilda merely pulled a loose robe over her nudity, she said seriously, "I hope you don't think I take this equality thing too far, Johnnie. I still like most of the old ways you know. I didn't mean to make all the decisions tonight but I was interested to test your reactions. I'm glad you never once forgot your manners though I fear I must have tried your patience quite a bit at times."

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it, pet," I replied. "Your decisions were alright as far as I was concerned and the result was beyond my wildest dreams."

At that she gave me a sloppy wet kiss and then whispered, "I'll let you spoil and pamper me tomorrow night, dear. Now you better go. If you don't I'll make you shag me standing up here at the door and you'll never get home!"

At that she gave my cock a tender pat, kissed me briefly, and then showed me out. As I strolled homewards I thought how strange life is. The day which had started with so many disasters had ended perfectly. All through a chance meeting in a bus which, by no stretch of the imagination, could be considered the most romantic of places. It just goes to show that one should always keep one's sexual tackle in good working order at all times. Anyway I had scored in no uncertain manner with Hilda and it looked as though we would be fucking partners if not sleeping partners for a long time to come. Who could ask for more? ●

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Readers' Letters

We at Lovebirds look forward to receiving letters from readers, and this section has become one of the most popular in the magazine. If you have an interesting experience or even a fantasy dream to relate, type out your letter and send to: The Editor, Lovebirds, 34 Upton Lane, E.7.

SEXUAL ADVENTURES

Dear Editor,

I notice that every now and then you print letters from women. Well you can add another one to your list, me. I don't actually buy your magazine, my husband does, but I always make sure that I read it as soon as he has finished it.

Now you may wonder why a woman would want to read your magazine when it is designed for men. Well the answer to that is very simple. I just love the stories in your magazine. They give me some great ideas about things to do in bed. Your writer that you employ must be very experienced men to be able to write about sexual adventures in such a way. I wouldn't mind meeting them one of these fine days to compare a few notes, as I've had a few sexual adventures myself.

I remember the first time that I ever took a man's penis into my mouth and sucked him off. I was eighteen at the time, and the man had been my regular boyfriend for about six months. We were in the back of his car parked in a quiet country lane, and he had taken off my sweater and bra and was kissing and sucking at my firm breasts. He had my right nipple deep in his mouth and was sucking on it so hard that I thought that it would explode, and he was so good at it that he gave me an orgasm just from sucking and licking at my nipple, and there's not many men that can do that to a woman.

I reached down, unzipped his trousers, and then pulled his penis out. I stroked it with my fingers and it soon grew nice and hard, and then he lent over and whispered in my ear. He wanted me to suck it for him. Now I'd read about that sort of thing in books, but I had never considered doing it myself. I was about to refuse, when I looked down at his prick again, and for the first time in my life I suddenly realised just what a beautiful object a prick is.

His penis was a good ten inches long, and his balls were nice and tight, and it was throbbing away like mad. I decided to throw all my inhibitions away and told him that I would suck him off. He smiled and lent back in the seat, and I lowered my head to his huge throbbing penis.

I used my fingers and peeled back his foreskin to expose his glans and found that it was very swollen and bursting with blood. I saw the little slit in the top of his glans and I fell in love with it at first sight. I thought 'now or never' and I opened my mouth, stuck out my tongue, and began to lick the top of his knob with the tip of my tongue. I was amazed to find that he tasted very nice indeed, and in no time at all I had taken the whole of his glans deep into my mouth.

Now I'd never had any formal instruction on how to suck a man off, but I found that it all came perfectly naturally. I used my cheeks to draw suction on his glans, and I also curled the tip of my tongue under his glans, and at the same time my right hand slid up and down his shaft while my left hand played about with his tight balls.

I must have been doing the right thing for he started to moan and groan away and his whole body started to shake and twist so much that I had a great deal of trouble keeping him in my mouth, and all the time that I was sucking him off his right hand was playing with my tits and making me feel very good. I sucked and licked and sucked at that lovely knob of his and the more I sucked the more that I found that I liked it. He told me afterwards that he would never have known that it was my first time, as I took to sucking pricks ducks take to water, and I was very pleased at that compliment.

Suddenly his penis started to jerk away like mad in my mouth and I knew that he was very close to coming. For a split second I thought about taking my head away before he came in my mouth, and then I thought that as I'd gone so far I might as well go all the way, and anyway I wanted to find out what spunk tasted like, so I continued to lick away at his prick just as hard as I could.

Suddenly he gave a great shout and his hands came down and clasped the back of my head, and the next thing I knew was that a heavy sticky spout of spunk had jetted into my mouth, and you know something? I found that I liked it very much indeed. In fact I couldn't get enough of it.

His spunk felt lovely in my mouth, all hot and sticky and salty, and some of it trickled down my throat, and as it reached my stomach I had a lovely orgasm. I sucked away at him and also squeezed his balls to make sure that I got every last drop, and then I swallowed it all down. He took his prick from my mouth, and then I licked at the last few drops of come that were clinging to his knob, then I asked him how he had liked it.

It seemed that I had done very well indeed, he said that it was the best blow job that he had ever had. Ever since that day I have always liked to have a man's prick in my mouth whenever I can. Mind you I have also had a great many other sexual adventures, and I would suggest that you send one of your men round to my house, and I'll tell him a few stories that would really boost the circulation of your magazine if you'd dare to print them that is.

Mrs. G.H. London.

HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

Dear Editor,

Now that summer is here I suppose that you have been rushed off your feet reading letters from your readers about their sexual adventures whilst on holiday. Me, I couldn't afford one, and believe me I am glad this year that I stayed at home, my wife went with her mother to Spain, I didn't want to go, or that was the tale she told he rdoting parent, in fact had I the money, wild horses wouldn't have dragged me on the plane with them. I did the usual things, a bit of decorating, a bit of fishing, and a load of booze. It was a hot afternoon and it was more like Spanish weather than what they got over there. I'd had a good drink at lunchtime and was feeling drowsy, so the lawn being closer than the bed I lay out on it, I could hear someone moving about next door, they were new neighbours and the only thing I had done was to say "Good morning" over the fence. Having seen the family once I was not in the little bit interested, the mother had been a cracker in her time, but the old man looked as though a couple of rounds of golf, a tot of gin and her fanny was forgotten in the tales of the scores he had made on the golf course, not like me, a couple of pints and the only score I wanted on the golf course was one behind the clubhouse, more if I could get the time, and of course a willing companion, I might stress, of the opposite sex.

I heard a voice saying lazily, "Hey you next door, we haven't been introduced yet," and that brought me swiftly to attention, for the voice was that of a bird in my own age bracket, not that I have any objections to screwing a woman who has past the age of 40, far from it, in fact most of the better screws are with women of that age, the type that say "Thanks", and do not scream their bloody heads off saying that I had gone too far. But something in the tone of this voice ptu me on my mettle, the voice was sexily young, and it also sounded bored, and most of the women of this day and age open their legs to alleviate boredom.

I peeped through the latticed fence and immediately I sprang to attention, imagine yourself that you are a bloke who had his Nookie at least twice a night, your partner has gone away for a fortnight and what does it leave you like, I'll tell you, it was either a 5 fingered exercise or no sleep at all.

The sight that met my eyes was almost unbelievable, a young blonde believe it or not was sunbathing on the lawn next door, and obviously she was of the type that didn't like to see a white vee or any part of her body white when she got up.

She must have seen me, or heard me come in, for her next worlds gave me fresh hope, "Mummy and Daddy are out for the day, some Garden Fete or other, and they did mention that your wife and mother-in-law are in Spain for a couple of weeks."

She rolled over onto her side and my eyes sparkled, or at least I think that was what they did, I had to stand a few inches from the fence otherwise I would have bored a hole through it, she looked to where I was watching her, "Don't be shy, I have heard in the village that you used to be a bit of a lad, have you changed much?"

I could only gulp, her tits stood out like small mountains and the nipples were like two small plums, I like plums and the thought that crossed my mind was that I would like to have these two plums in my mouth, the rest of her, the part that I really wanted to see was covered by her hand, at first I thought that she was being coy, but after looking more closely, if that was all possible, I could only see 3 of her fingers and her thumb. Now I didn't have to be Sherlock Holmes to find out where the other finger was, there were only two places it could be any my bet was that it was in the nearest one.

Now the old couple who used to own the house had had a gate put in between the houses, it made it much easier for my spouse to nip in to have a natter whilst I was busy earning the bread and she casually stood up to unbolt it from her side.

Now you have heard about "Red Rum", I would have beaten him hands down to that gate, maybe because my mind was far ahead of his but needless to say that as soon as that bolt was drawn I was inside, my hands itching, my tongue hanging out and the front of my pants were like a bell tent.

"I'm Dick," I managed to splutter and looking down at the front of me she laughed out loud.

"Very aptly named I must say," she said, "I could say that my name is Virginia, and that I am no virgin," she said, but in reality my name is Veronica."

Veronica also beings with a V, but the only vee I was mad about just then was the vee of curly hair that failed to hide the fact that she was of a different sex to myself.

"Can I put your suntan lotion on?" I asked anxiously and she smiled again showing through her red lips that her white teeth were her own.

"You are an observant young man," she said, her teeth glinting again like some T.V. advert, and to tell you teh truth I hadn't noticked until then that she had a bottle of the stuff by her Lilo bed on the lawn, all I wanted was an excuse of some sorts to get my pinkies on her glorious body, and indeed it was a glorious body.

Now I have known girls who would have given me a slap across the kisser for being so bold but my remark had obviously given her something to think about. For she lay back on the rubber bed and said, "O.K. now you can start."

I was a little bit disappointed as to her position, she was lying face down and her legs were close together, but then, I had volunteered so I had better get on with the job. She grunted as my fingers went to work on her and after concientously rubbing between her shoulder blades, my hand moved down, I had just got to the enticing crease in her body when to my great delight her legs began to open, they opened wide enough for me to see that her finger had vacated the place I itched to be.

I was hard before then, but after that I could have jacked a heavy lorry up with my prick. She must have heard the material in my pants giving way for she looked over her shoulder and asked sweetly, "Am I troubling you too much?" Now before this I wasn't too sure of my ground but now I took my courage and my life in both hands, or better still, in one hand, that said hand was now between the soft skin of her thighs.

She wriggled slightly and it was enough to give me easier access to her and before she could wriggle once more my finger had parked itself where hers had been, right up her cunt. Normally a girl who was not expecting such action would have leap to her feet and pissed off shouting, "Rape, or "you dirty sod," but this Veronica must have been expecting this for she hardly moved a muscle, the only muscle that moved was the one that gripped my finger tight as I strove to find out how far it would go in.

She laughed out loud, "You're not very big made are you Dick," she laughed and I took that as my cue for my entrance, it was the devils own job to get my prick free from my pants but I managed it and then it took the place of my finger so fast that I could have sworn I had them both in her at the same time.

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CALLERS WELCOME

"That's more like it" she said over her shoulder and then to my delight she raised herself onto her knees, that did it and before I had given her a few strokes I felt my balls contract and I filled her with my goo. I was amazed at her next words, "You bastard, just like all men, have your own fun and forget about the one who lets you."

"Hold your horses darling," I muttered, "That is only the first one, after the third you can say that, so hold onto the garden," and then as befits a man in my position I gave her the biggest fucking of her young life, and I'm not bragging, they were her own words.

Long after she had sagged at knees I was still going strong and when I felt as though I had poked her tonsils out she gave up the ghost, "For God's sake come again, I'm as sore as hell," it was only then I let myself go.

Mummy and Daddy must have had a good time at the Fete, for long before I heard their car stop, Veronica had gone back home to recuperate for the next day, I enjoyed that two weeks the wife was away and was glad in one way that Veronica went back to her own place some 20 miles away, if Mary had seen her, she might have put two and two together and made it the reason why I looked so shagged out after a holiday.

Mind you, 20 miles is not far in a car.

R.B.H. Gloucester.

FILM-BUFFS, PLEASE NOTE!

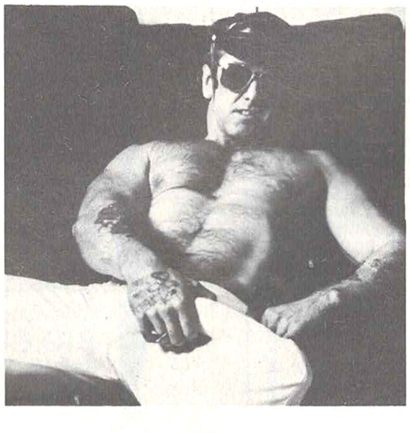
Dear Editor,

We often see those delightful models, young, all of them – such as Debbie Delight, Diane Dream and Rosemarie England in the full colour pages of the more select girlie mags such as Playbirds, Whitehouse and so-forth. As static photos these reproductions are intensely stimulating. I am a film projectionist and one of my spare time jobs in studios is to take 'stills' of stars appearing in X films. But just think of those three beautiful girls in a movie – each slim, nubile body in purposeful action plus in full colour – plus speaking! Well – I have no need any more to imagine them like that for I have just run a preview showing of a new film called **DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR** *in a small studio cinema for the Trade and those three beauties featured largely in this immensely amusing and terrifically stimulating film, due for showing in London any time now. There is a great bonus of twenty Continental and American girls as well, including Miss Birmingham, heading a cohort of beauty queens. Imparting real feminine beauty in the classic style and adding great dingnity to the conception of the female, is the one-and-only Diana Dors. She is supported in terrific sex comedy scenes and sharp dialogue by no less than Bernie Winters, recently parted (sadly) from Mike and Bernie Winters duo act that brought laughter to millions of homes on TV. On the more serious side, male stars such as Kenny Lynch, Milton Reid, Allan Lake and Glynn Edwards, to say nothing of Anthony Booth of Till Death Us Do Part, fame put in some brilliant acting to bring out the strong story line of* **DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR.** *I myself was extremely fortunate in that I was selected to project this showing of this unique sex comedy on screen. I was, in fact, given permission to write my account of it to you for this particular magazine, since the publishers of it has so often run features by those delightful girls, especially young Miss Rosemarie England, plus photos of her. I think that, when this new film hits Town in the very near future, it will have a great impact on film-buffs. As a technician, I appreciated to the full the great quality of the colour-processing used in this picture. With an experienced ear to sound-track music-over, I also liked very much the quite delightful signature tune that is heard at the beginning of the film and reprised several times throughout th eaction. Were I a professional film critic, I really do not think I could fault this strong, sex comedy one little bit. But I must warn that the sex sequences are about the most telling and revealing I have yet seen on screen!*

Tony P. Highgate, London N.

REALLY BIG MEN

You've probably heard about men who are 10" or more – but seeing is believing. In this month's special readers offer, Doreen offers all her readers a chance to buy these American BIG MALE books. All are fully uncensored and unretouched. Guaranteed to turn on the ladies – and show you photos you will find hard to believe!
These magazines sell for between $5 and $10 in America (over £3-£6) we offer you a sample copy for £2.00 or 3 different for £5 CARRIAGE PAID. All mags are sent per return under plain cover.



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BI-SEXUAL

Dear Editor,

The other day I went into a shop and bought a copy of your latest magazine. I then left the shop and started to walk back to where my car was parked. As I turned the street corner I happened to bump into a girl who was coming the other way. As she banged into me the magazine fell from my hand and dropped into the road.

She apologised, smiled, then picked the magazine up for me. The magazine had fallen open at the centre pages and you can imagine my surprise when I saw that the girl in the magazine was the same one handing the magazine to me.

She smiled and said that yes, she was a model, and then we both looked at the other pictures of her in the magazine and I told her just how good she looked.

Well, one thing led to another and I invited her to have a coffee with me, and she accepted. We got on just fine and when she asked me to go back to her flat with her I accepted right away.

She told me that she didn't often meet one of her fans in the flesh, so to speak. Her flat was very nice, and she cooked me a meal, then she started talking about sex. She told me that where sex was concerned she would do anything and try anything. She also told me, that like most models, she was bi-sexual.

Well, all this talk was making me as randy as hell and pretty soon there was a great big bulge showing in the front of my trousers. She saw it, smiled, then said that she would have to do something about it.

She took me by the hand and led me into her bedroom. In the middle of the room was a huge bed with white silk sheets, the lights were very subdued, and there were photos of her all round the walls, and some of those photographs were really way out.

She told me to take my clothes off, and when I was naked she complimented me on the size and thickness of my penis. She said that it would feel very good when it slid deep into her soaking wet pussy hole.

She then took her own clothes off, and when I saw how perfect her naked body was I almost came on the spot. Her legs were long and very shapely, her bum was firm and rounded, her nipples were a deep red in colour, and her breasts were firm and jutted proudly from her body. She looked even better than she did in her photos. I then looked down at her pussy and saw that she had shaved off all her pubic hair, and the lips of her quim seemed to be pouting out all over the place.

She pulled me down on the bed and her fingers went to my cock, she started to stroke my shaft and soon my prick was harder than it had ever been.

I lowered my head and took her right nipple into my mouth and started to suck very hard on it, and it grew and grew under the pressure of my tongue. I sucked on her tits till she had a climax, and then I moved down her lovely smooth naked body.

I used my fingers and pulled the lips of her quim wide apart and then looked into her pussy hole. It was all wet and pink in there and her thick sticky juices were bubbling about all over the place. I plunged my tongue into her quim and started to lap out her come juice, and as I did so her screams *of joy became even louder and she had a glorious climax.*

I raised my head, licked my lips, then pointed down at my prick. She didn't need asking twice. She took my prick deep into her mouth and then started to suck at it very gently indeed.

She really was a first class cock sucker, and soon her head was bobbing up and down and my glans was touching the back of her throat. Just before I ejaculated, she pulled my prick from her mouth and then squeezed at my balls. My hot pulsating sperm jetted out all over her lovely face. She moaned and continued to pull at my cock with her fingers as my spunk went in her hair, in her eyes, and over her chin. Her mouth was wide open and quite a lot of sperm went in there and she swallowed it down just as fast as she could.

After my prick had gone limp, she sucked it dry, and then she used her fingers to wipe my hot sperm from her face and then she placed her fingers in her mouth and sucked them dry. As that hot spunk of mine trickled down her throat she had yet another climax. She was, without doubt, a very erotic woman.

I spent the rest of the night with her and we screwed and fucked and sucked and licked all over the place. We did everything to each other that two people cun possibly do, and soon the whole room was reeking with the scent of her musky juices and my salty sperm.

She loved sperm, just loved it, and at one stage I wanked myself off over her vagina, while she held her pussy open and watched as my sperm belted out into her.

In the morning we had a shower and she knelt down under the hot water and sucked me off again, then she wanked herself off with a bar of soap while I watched her. Then she cooked me some breakfast and said goodbye. And as she saw me off, she said that she would like to screw with all her fans, all the readers of the mags, but as that was not possible then the screw she had with me must be taken as being a symbolic screw with all the readers of this mag. So you could say that I've had a screw for all you out there who are reading this. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

M.K. Leeds.

SOHO CLUB

Dear Editor,

The other day I took my wife to a blue film club. At first she was rather nervous about going, for she thought that blue film clubs were dirty, dingy, little places with bad seats, villains on the door, and grainy black and white films. She couldn't have been more surprised.

The one I took her to was in Greek Street in Soho. The men at the door were very polite, there were thick carpets in the foyer, everything was very comfortable, the seats were good, and no matter where you sat you had a very good view of the screen. The films were in colour, most with sound, and they were of the highest production values.

We saw some really good films, and when we got back home my wife said that she was feeling as randy as hell and why didn't we go up to the bedroom and try out some of the things that we had seen on the screen. That was the sort of invitation she didn't have to put to me twice, so we went up to the bedroom.

My wife undressed in front of me, and she really has a great body. Her skin is smooth and white, and she also has very large breasts with beautiful deep red nipples. I've always made her trim her pubic hair right down so that her vaginal lips are always in full view. I love looking at her quim lips, I love the way the skin is all crinkled and folded.

She mentioned one of the films that she had seen and asked me to do the same thing to her. It was a pleasure. I knelt by the side of her head, took my throbbing penis in my hand, and started to masturbate myself over her head, making sure that the tip of my penis was pointing at her mouth.

She watched intently as my foreskin went backwards and forwards, and she said how much she liked seeing my balls hanging down over her face. As she watched my glans getting bigger and more swollen, she licked her lips and there was a gleam of excitement in her light blue eyes.

I pulled away at my prick for all I was worth and pretty soon my whole body jerked and a great stream of hot spunk went all over her face. It went over her hair in her eyes, up her nose, and a few little drops even ended up in her right ear. She moaned and groaned as my hot sperm jetted all over her and then, when I had finished, she told me that she had had a multiple orgasm as my spunk had washed over her.

Her face seemed to be swimming in sperm, and she raised her right hand to her face and wiped some of it off with her fingers, then she put her fingers into her mouth and sucked at the sperm. She continued to do this until every last drop of my come had been wiped from her face.

Then she got off the bed and picked up a candle and reminded me about another one of the films that we had seen. She sat down on a chair, opened her legs as far as they would go, then very slowly slid that candle deep into her soaking wet quim. I sat on the bed and watched in amazement for this was the first time that my wife had ever wanked herself off in front of me, and it was a sight that I wouldn't have missed for the world.

That candle plunged in and out of her quim just as fast as she could manage it, and as it went in and out there was a lovely wet slurping noise.

Her juices flowed from her crinkled vaginal lips, ran down the inside of her thighs, and soaked into the carpet on the floor.

Continued on page 94

INSTANT ACTION

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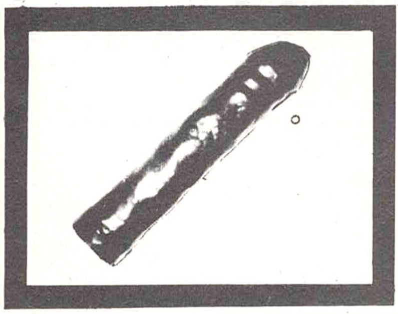

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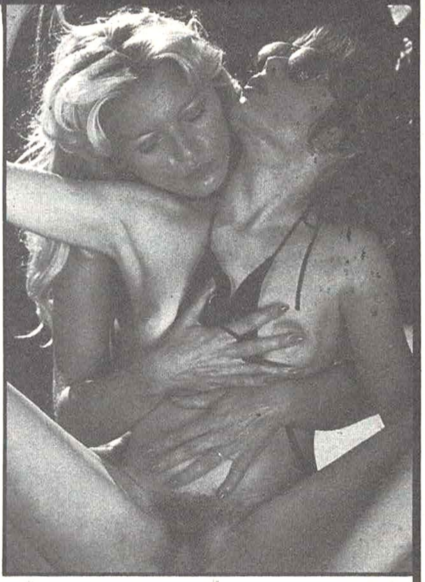
THERE'S MORE THAN JUST PUSSY IN

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR



THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR is a SIZZLING, FUNNY, SEX SPECTACULAR; it's the funniest, raunchiest sex film ever made or shown in Britain. The pictures in this advert are of two of the lovely ladies who appear in the film, though these are not stills from the film. The David Galaxy Affair features the very best looking girls in Britain, Mary Millington, Diane Dream, Debbie Delight and Rosemarie England PLUS Miss Birmingham, Miss Southampton and a whole host of other beauty queens who appear in a topless/nude Beauty competition. The finest selection of young lovelies ever seen in a SEX FILM, and a bloody funny one at that!

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MARY MILLINGTON MEETS THE SUPERSTUD

4 SEX SYMBOLS IN ONE FILM!

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

(WATCH THIS SPACE FOR DETAILS OF THEIR REGIONAL APPEARANCES)

WHERE YOU CAN SEE 'THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR'

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR is showing from Thursday June 28th at the EROS CINEMA, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, London. The film is showing 7 days a week from 11.00am daily, no booking necessary, late show nightly at 10.00pm. The film will only show at a few restricted cinemas around Britain SO WE URGE YOU TO COME TO LONDON TO SEE IT.

MARY MILLINGTON IN PERSON

Mary Millington (and Rosemarie England) will be appearing in person ALL DAY on June 28th at the Eros Cinema, Piccadilly Circus, meet them in person when you go to see the film. They will be giving away signed autographed colour photos to all their fans. Additionally they will be making personal appearances at most cinemas where the film is showing, so look out for them at a cinema near you!

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LOVEBIRDS
FANTASY
DREAMS

You can go into a house for the first time and say... this is a happy house... there is an aura of happiness about the place, You can go into another house and feel evil lurking around every corner. Could you find a 'sexy' house? The writer of the following story did, a house that made the most inhibited folk cast off their inhibitions and behave like nymphomaniacs. On the outside, an ordinary guest house set near the shores of a lake, but on the inside...

HOUSE OF SEX

I had been walking for miles when the house hove into sight. It was beginning to rain again and I breathed a thankful sigh of relief. I had a tent on my back, but I didn't feel like roughing it any more, I wanted a warm comfortable bed, I wanted to sit by a glowing fire and eat home-made scones with lashings of butter, in short, I wanted looking after! I just hoped there was room for one more. I rang the door bell, turning up my collar against the rain that was beginning to piss down.

A stout woman answered my ring. I grinned in what I hoped was a pleasing manner and asked if she had any rooms available. She invited me in.

"I have one room vacant," she smiled, "it's the attic I'm afraid..."

"I don't care if it's a barn," I said, "as long as it's dry."

She showed me to the room, telling me to get out of my wet things, and she would send her daughter up to get them. I seemed to be soaked to the skin, and I stripped down to my underpants and towelled off. I'd have a bath later.

"Excuse me."

I turned and saw a girl of about eighteen standing in the doorway. She was obviously the owner's daughter, I could see the resemblance, heavy breasts, wide hips, stocky you could say. She also wore thick lensed glasses, not the sexiest piece in the world, yet as she came towards me a feeling swept through my loins. She gave me a ghost of a smile.

"Have you come a long way?" she asked, standing very, very close to me.

"It feels like a hundred miles," I murmured, conscious now of my near nakedness and the hot blood racing through my veins.

She glanced down between my legs, and that ghost of a smile flitted across her face again. To my embarrassment my prick thickened. This was bloody stupid, under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't have got sexy about a girl like her. I liked my women beautiful and shapely. She put her hand down, and her fingers curled around my weapon. She smiled yet again.

"If you want to fuck me, you can," she whispered, her fingers funnelling over my knob-end.

"Yes," I muttered, feeking as I was dreaming. "I would like to fuck you."

This wasn't me speaking, this was happening to two other people, and I was watching! She slipped out of her frock, then unclipped her bra, her heavy breasts swinging about as she walked to the bed.

"You take my panties off," she said.

I went across, she lifted her legs and I slid her panties down, my prick quivering when I saw the gaping hole between her heavy thighs. My flesh was throbbing with excitement as I lowered myself down, and guided deep into the hole. Instantly her legs curled around my back, and she was humping up passionately, swearing and nipping as I drove in and out.

"I'm glad you wanted to fuck me," she panted. "I wanted you to the moment I saw you open the gate. I said to myself, Jenny, here is another man who will give you a good fucking."

I pawed at her massive tits, her nipples long and stiff, I bounced in the basin of her thighs as though I had been going short for years, going into the squelchy oval with all the strength I could muster. The aroma of her lust filled my nostrils, the headiest perfume of them all, making my prick thicker and longer. Her fingernails dug into my shoulders, and she whimpered as she arched her back.

"I'm coming," she hissed between clenched teeth. "Fuck me stiff, I'm coming."

It felt as though every drop of spunk I possessed was being dragged from my knob-end. I jetted thickly into her, her thighs grasping me strongly, her backside high up from the bed. Even when I had finished coming I could feel her inner muscles working on my shaft, as if to make sure I had nothing left inside me.

I scrambled from the bed and sat on the edge, the blood pounding in my head, my prick felt to be in tatters. Jenny got up, pulled her panties back on, straightened her hair, put her glasses on and picked up my damp clothing.

"They will soon dry in the kitchen," she murmured. "Dinner will be ready in an hour."

When she had gone I rested my chin on my hands, wondering what the hell had come over me. In the house ten minutes and I had screwed the owner's daughter!

I opened the dressing table drawer to put away the few things I carried around and saw an envelope. I picked it out and studied it for a few minutes, thoughtfully, before opening it.

"Get out!" I read. "If you value your sanity leave this house immediately. I am writing this while she is asleep, leaving me in peace. I can't help myself, all I want to do is fuck and fuck and fuck. It's the truth, believe me, there is something about this place, it affects everyone here, from Mrs. Daniels to her nympho daughters. No one is safe here, all the guests seem to be the same, all the women want is dick, and all we men want to do is give it them. My dick is getting hard as I write this, and I've fucked my girl friend seven times this afternoon. I've got to get out of this place before we go mad. She's awakening, I must go to her, her body is attracting me like a magnet..."

The letter was unsigned, I put it back in the envelope and replaced it in the drawer.

"What a load of fucking rubbish," I muttered as I sprawled out on the bed. "I just wanted a jump, that was all, and that bird wanted one as well." There was a picture on the wall opposite the bed, a very early photograph showing a young dark-haired woman, bare shouldered, a shawl thing covering her breasts. The type of 'daring' photo popular in Victorian times, about as erotic as a picture of a bull! But as I stared at it my dick began to thicken. It was as if the shawl dropped away and I could see a pair of magnificent white swollen tits.

"Your imagination is getting the better of you," I muttered, getting up from the bed and going to the wash basin. I hung my half hard dick in the bowl and splashed cold water on it. It didn't soften it, if anything it got harder. "For fuck's sake," I muttered, "get dressed and go for a walk!"

I got dressed, finding a pullover instead of a shirt, and a pair of creased khaki shorts. I trotted down two flights of stairs and into the hall. A young good looking woman stood in my path.

"I don't know you," she whispered, a rather evil glint in her eye.

"I've just arrived madam," I said, cheerfully. "On my way out for a stroll."

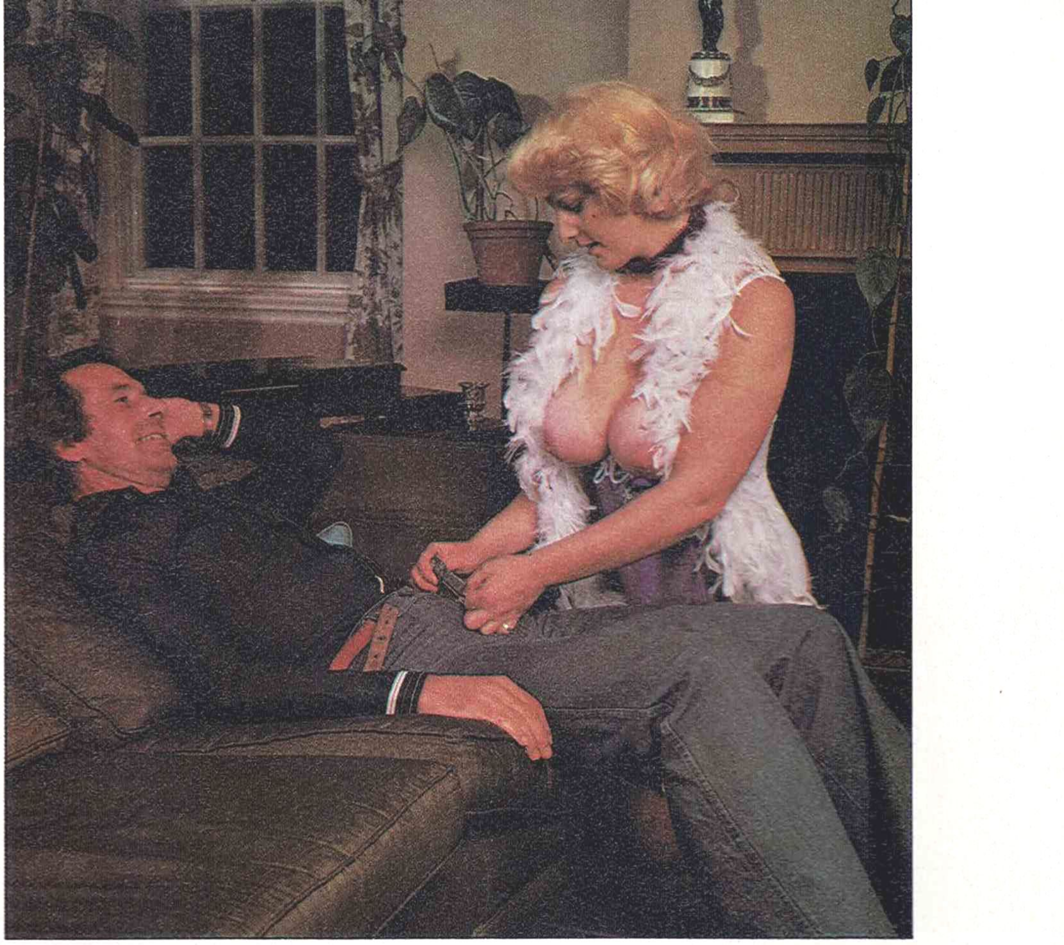
"It's raining," she murmured, coming in close. "You don't want to get wet."

She put her hand onto my dick... and I fled from the house into the garden, leaning against a tree, water pouring down me, trying to gather my wits.

"I reckon I've collapsed," I muttered, "had an accident, I'm having an operation, this is a bloody dream. They say you have sexy dreams when you're having an operation."

As if to lend weight to my thoughts I saw a nurse go up the path to the guest house, I knew it was a nurse, she had one of those navy blue cape things they wear, and a funny hat. She also had black stockings on, the type nurses always wear. "I might as well enjoy my sexy dreams," I thought, "and fuck everything in sight!"

I went back into the guest house. The landlady was just coming down the stairs. "Ah Mr. Knights," she said, "I have just taken your clothes to your room, they are perfectly dry now... and ironed, my daughter saw to that." Her eyes took on a certain glint that frightened me. "My daughter likes you... a lot. She told me she thought you had a cold coming on, it is fortunate that my eldest daughter, Ruth, is here, she is a nurse, I'll get her to pop up and have a look at you."



I nodded my thanks and went to my attic bedroom. This was wonderful, it was like a story, a sexy horny story. Now I was to get a nurse to look after me, a nurse with black stockings. I wondered whether she would have black knickers as well!

I was sunk deep in my erotic thoughts when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Daniels's eldest daughter.

"Jenny tells me you have a cold," she ssid, briskly. "Strip to the waist please."

I did so, really enjoying myself. Some dream this was.

"Now," said Ruth, thoroughly professional, "I will take your temperature."

She stuck the glass thing in my mouth and took hold of my wrist, peering at a fob watch that hung from her crisp uniform. She crossed her legs, her skirt well back and I could see her hose were stockings, not tights, like so many birds wore.

"You have a high temperature," she murmured, smiling at me.

You know the feeling, when everything suddenly becomes crystal clear around you, all the objects in a sharp focus? That was just how I went. Her voice seemed louder, her tits seemed to jut out hard against her uniform, and my dick positively throbbed.

"Jenny told me that she took care of your immediate needs," she seemed to boom. "But it seems she didn't! However I will see to it."

She deftly unfastened my shorts, and I lifted my bottom up so that she could remove them.

"Mmmm," she said, softly. "Jenny said that you had a nice cock, she underestimated it, you are magnificent!"

I lay back on the bed and watched her take her uniform off. Yes, she was wearing black panties, trimmed with lace, with a net gusset. Was it my imagination, or were her cunt lips apart? She removed her black bra, spilling her lovely tits into view, then came on the bed with me.

"How would you like to be fucked?" she asked. "Me on top of you so that you can stroke the backs of my legs while you have it inside me?" She stroked my hard shaft to make sure I knew what she was referring to. "Or if you like you can fuck me from the back, as long as you use the proper hole. Then you can see my black stockings. You like black stockings, don't you?"

"Yes," I croaked.

"All men do darling. The doctors like me in black stockings, and they wipe their cocks on them when they have spunked!"

She was almost crawling over me, her hands clawing at my chest, the vee of her thighs rubbing on my legs.

"We can't fuck while I've still got my panties on, can we?" she queried.

I don't know how I got her black panties off without coming my lot but I managed, and she ground her body against me, her fingers toying with my erection, then guiding it into her hot cavern.

"There," she said, contentedly, "you are in me. I like to be on top, it makes me feel sort of in charge. Now don't spunk too soon, I want a good fuck!"

"MMM," SHE GROWLED, SQUEEZING MY DICK WITH HER CUNT MUSCLES, "THIS IS WHAT I CALL A GOOD FUCK..."

She pushed herself up on her arms, her big tits swinging down. Hungrily I gobbled a nipple into my mouth and she squealed delightedly.

"Your name is George isn't it? I like men called George, they are always good to me, I usually get well fucked by men called George!"

I took my mouth away from her tit long enough to tell her I would give her the fucking of her life!

It's wonder I didn't come there and then, looking down between us at my dick ploughing a furrow into her cunt, her black stockings stretched taut, and the perspiration running down her flesh, I could hear my dick servicing her, and it grew and grew until I was banging her cervix when I plunged up deep.

"Mum would adore you," she panted, doing press-ups so that I did go in to the hilt every time. "Pinch my backside."

She lay down on top of me, just squirming her hips. I ran my fingers down her spine then onto her thighs as though she were made of Dresden. I felt her tremble when I reached the tops of her stockings and ground harder at me.

"Mmm," she growled, squeezing my dick with her cunt muscles. "This is what I call a good fuck."

She could say that again, and did, many times, until with a growl she bit my neck, pasting herself to me. They say that when a bird shoots her lots, she doesn't do it like a guy does. He ejects an egg cup full of come, she doesn't. I'm not calling all the experts liars, but something happened to Ruth when she blew the coop. My dick felt to be thrusting into a barrel of warm oozing honey.

"Now you can come," she said, happily, "shoot your load George, Ruthie is awaiting for it."

When I spunked it was the same as before, all my insides seemed to be wanting to get out of my prick. I was still in an euphoric daze when she withdrew herself from me, my dick plopping out like the cork from a bottle.

"There," she murmured, "That will have down you the world of good." She looked at her watch. "Dinner will be in a quarter of an hour."

She got dressed and tripped out of the room!

In just over an hour I had fucked Mrs. Daniels' two daughters, and frankly I felt great!

There were only half a dozen more guests staying, the girl who had fondled my prick over my shorts... I'll swear she was wanking the young man sat next to her at the table. A middle-aged couple who seemed in one hell of a hurry to finish the meal, and two spinsters, school marm types who kept giving each other coy glances. Ruth and Jenny made up the number at the table, and mother served the food, helped by a man whom I presumed was Mr. Daniels. The guy looked knackered, bags under his eyes I could have packed my gear into. His hands shook when he placed a dish before me.

I was the last to finish, and I was smoking a cigarette when the guy came to me.

"There is an hotel a mile down the road," he whispered.

"So what!" I muttered, "I'm okay here."

"I'm warning you young man," he went on. "Go while you have the chance, this house... it's evil."

I thought about Jenny and Ruth. "I think it is a good house," I grinned.

"I'm telling you, young man, go, while you have the chance, All sorts of things happen here during the night."

"They happen during the day as well sir," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and left the dining room.

I wandered into the lounge, stopped and turned away. The girl who had fondled me earlier was on the floor, her dress around her neck, being handsomely screwed by the young man. The middle-aged couple were watching with lewd interest, the man unashamedly pulling his wire, while his wife rubbed between her legs. As I turned to leave the room the two spinsters stood in the doorway.

"I wonder if you could help us young man," said that light haired one. "The light has gone in our bedroom, I have a replacement bulb."

She held the bulb out to prove it!

"Surely Mr. Daniels could see to it?" I muttered.

"Oh, he can't he is very busy just now... Mrs. Daniels you know." As if that explained everything!

"Sure," I said, "lead the way."

I stood on a chair and replaced the offending bulb, and when I stood down, the two spinsters were partly disrobed and engaged in what I could only describe as an obscene act!

"Don't leave," whispered the light haired one. "Elsie and I like a man to watch us."

I don't think I had any control over my movements, I just sat down on a chair and watched two spinsters fuck each other! By the time they had finished I had a horn on you could have hung a brolly over.

"I'll see to you," said Elsie, squatting down between my legs, unzipping my pants and gobbling me into her mouth. I sat there in a trance while she worked me over, sitting back on her haunches when she had brought me off and licking her lips as though she had just devoured a prime steak.

"Thank you young man," she said, "thank you very much."

I staggered from the room and went out into the night. It had stopped raining and the moon shone bright and clear. Across the lake I could see a cluster of bright lights and fervently wished I was there. I found a seat and sat down, reflecting on my lot. This was the oddest situation I had ever found myself in. While I was outside I wanted to get away, yet inside, I accepted what happened as a matter of course. There was something crazy about the house, that letter I had found in the dressing table drawer, the words of warning from Mr. Daniels. His two nympho daughters, the young couple fucking away, with the middle-aged couple watching and wanking. Then the two lesbian spinsters, that left Mrs. Daniels, where did she fit into all this.

"Oh Mr. Knights," said 'her' voice. "I wondered where you had gone to. I have made a cup of tea, would you care to join me?"

I went back into the house... okay, so I was a twit, but sitting out there in the open air I felt great, I didn't want sex, I wanted a cup of tea!

She led me into her private quarters. Her husband looked at me and sorrowfully shook his head, and went out. Mrs. Daniels poured out a cup of tea and handed it to me.

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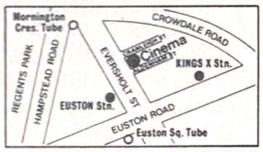

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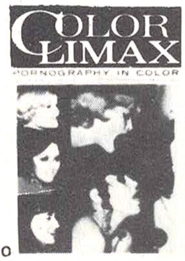
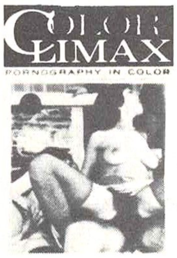
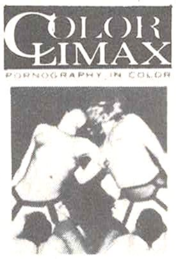


TICKET TO RIDE
ISSUE 101
The story of traffic warden 734 (Miss) who is about to give Mary and Joan a ticket. They plead, but to no avail, until Mary notices she is looking at her tits. She plays on this and soon the three are deep in each others pussies. Plenty of vibro/cunt and pussy licking shots.



STICK UP
ISSUE 102
The petrol attendent is tied up and robbed by three girls, but laying on the floor he can see up their skirts and gets a hard on. They notice this and start to tease him, sitting on his face, fondling each other, and licking his cock, to a group oral orgasm.



THE HORSE BOX
ISSUE 103
Anna's horsey friends get quite frisky when they hear that she is being fucked by a great stallion and when they see her sucking him off and then push her steaming pussy over his giant cock, they all join in.

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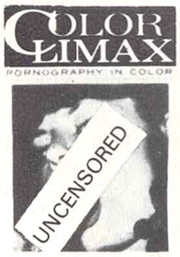
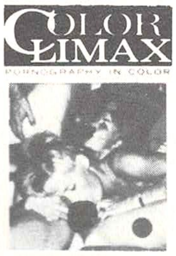
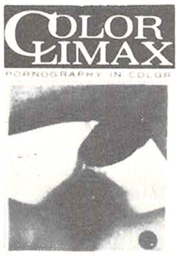
THE OFFICE PARTY
ISSUE 104
First of all the office boy is fucked by the M.D.'s secretary, then she starts on the big guard dog. At the same time the cleaning lady can be seen stuffing a broom handle up the wet pussy of a young girl from the typing pool. And so it goes on.



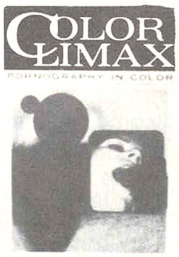
SMALL TOWN DICK
ISSUE 105
Only one thing matters to the Ladies of Brimstown and that is Dick's prick. They will do anything to be fucked by him and he makes sure they do. Candles, rolling pins, brooms, three men at once and his dog. It all happens in this magazine.



LIVE SHOW
ISSUE 106
Set in a London theatre, the actors are auditioning for a new play with lots of sex. While imitating the sex act some of them get carried away and soon rock hard cocks are getting into every pussy in sight. Also lots of cock sucking.



LADY SMITH RELIEVED
ISSUE 107
She is very beautiful and sex mad. So much so that her husband hires three young men to satisfy her. Just imagine three steaming cocks all relieving Lady Smith together!



THE BIGGER THE BETTER
ISSUE 108
The story of three beautiful girls with massive tits and three guys with mammoth cocks. The close up photographs and what the six get up to just simply has to be seen to be believed.

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"I KNOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO SCREW ME, SO I TOOK MY KNICKERS OFF BEFORE CALLING."

"I'm glad your cold has gone," she said, "I knew Ruth would take care of you."

"Where is your daughter Mrs. Daniels?" I enquired.

"She's gone back to the hospital," she murmured. "That's it, just across the lake, that bright cluster of lights you were looking at. It's only a small cottage hospital, but they are very good there. My daughter is very well thought of."

"No wonder," I thought, "the way she fucks she'd be popular anywhere!"

I found myself staring with uncommon interest at Mrs. Daniels's legs. They were fat, no getting away from that, they were bloody fat, and her thighs started to meet around her kneecaps. I've never been one for fat women, hence my mystification over wanting Jenny so much. I like my shags to be on the slender side, more like Ruth, the nympho nurse. Yet, staring at Mrs. Daniels's thighs brought obscene thoughts into my mind. I could see those thighs opening up, she wouldn't have any knickers on.. women like her wore knickers, not panties, and she would be very hairy between her legs. You would need a scythe to fight your way through to her cunt, and once there would get lost in her depths. I gave a chuckle.

"Something amusing you Mr. Knights?" asked my hostess.

"Yeah, I was just wondering if you had any knickers on," I found myself saying. I gulped in embarrassment. "I... er... I'm sorry about that ma-am, I didn't mean to say it, please forgive me."

"You are forgiven Mr. Knights," she smiled, and hoisted her dress right up. "You can see I haven't any knickers on." As I had thought, she had a forest of hair between her fat legs. "I know that you are going to screw me Mr. Knights, so I took them off before calling you in for a cup of tea."

I was hypnotised, I swear it. I couldn't take my eyes away from her as she widened her thighs and placed a hand on each side of her flesh, pulling apart her cunt lips so that the dark oval gaped at me.

"This is where your cock will fit Mr. Knights, and I assure you, you won't be disappointed. I am more experienced than any of my daughters, when you screw me you will think you are in heaven. Take your trousers off Mr. Knights, my daughters have told me you are very well hung."

I stood up, like a bloody idiot, and removed my pants. My dick hung down thickly. She looked at it, rose from her chair, took hold of it and tossed it into a good erection.

"I like it across the table," she said, leaning back against the said table, and spreading her legs.

I ran my hands along her fat thighs, then into the slit between them, fingering her juicy hole until she was rocking to and fro, making my fingers slide in and out noisily.

"Undo my buttons," she panted, "play with my tits."

She hadn't a bra on either, this gal was ready for anything. Under my hands they swelled up enormously, the nipples like fingers. I moved in between her thighs and prodded her cunt with my hard dick. She gripped my hips, pulling me closer and I watched my erection vanish into her depths. The breath caught in my throat. You talk about a good education, her cunt had had the best education possible. It closed around my rampant tool like a soapy fist, gripping me and sucking me in like a Hoover! It was an awkward fuck, no mistake about it, I had my knees bent, and my back began to ache, but I counted it as one of the best ever. God, but she enjoyed it, panting away like a mare in heat, juices streaming from her, and she hugged me close to her, and she was right, when I did shoot off she emptied me. I dropped to the carpet in a heap, completely knackered. I reckon I passed out then.

When I opened my eyes I stared up at a white ceiling, there was the smell of antisceptic in the air. I moved my head and slowly stared around the room. My leg was in the air, held there by a pulley. My throat felt dry, and I yearned for a pint of bitter? The door opened and the nurse came in. I looked at her in amazement.

"Ruth," I muttered. "What am I doing here?"

The nurse came over to the bed and smiled down at me. "Now how did you know my name was Ruth? You've been worrying us all, unconscious for two days. You took a fall, broke your leg, that's why you are here." She went through the motions of straightening the bedclothes, something a nurse always has to do!

"I... I don't recall..." I stammered. "I was staying at a guest house by the lake side."

She looked at me, her head on one side. "You've been dreaming Mr. Knights... and the things you have been saying, my my, you are a naughty young man! I sat with you all last night, and you quite embarrassed me." She laid her hand on the bedclothes, just where my dormant dick was. "You should be able to go in a few days, but not very far, the doctor wants to see you for a while. My mother has a guest house across the lake, I've been in touch with her, she will be happy for you to stay. Now, how's that, an extended holiday? What's the matter Mr. Knights, you look quite pale?"

"Is your mother called... Daniels, and have you a sister called Jenny?"

"Why... yes, how did you know that?"

"Do you wear black stockings instead of tights, and do you like to make love on top?"

"Well really Mr. Knights, you are getting hysterical... but I do!"

I gripped her hand. "Thank you very much Ruth for your mother's kind offer, but I can't accept it."

Her hand slid under the bedclothes and she played with my rapidly rising dick.

"Oh yes you will Mr. Knights, oh yes you will!"

Editor's Note: What a let down, and we thought the guy had found a real sexy house. They say that you have some weird dreams when you are ill, but as weird as that?

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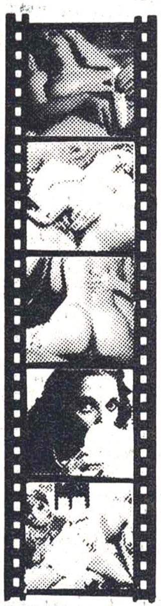

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THE ESCAPADES OF DEBBIE DELIGHT
THE 'in' GIRL OF LONDON

THE STORY SO FAR:

Debbie Delight, tall, slim, a ravishing blonde of twenty-two, is a notorious 'in' girl of London's sophisticated West End. She dispenses sex for love, not for money, with a free and unabashed abandon. Living on an extravagant annual allowance given her by her Stockbroker parents, and driving a Mercedes, she is here, there and everywhere where it really matters. She has now driven back to London and to her Hyde Park penthouse after having opened a garden party at a small Surrey village. During her few hours stay there, she is seduced and was screwed by the young assistant organiser, scandalised the village Vicar and finally, while auctioning her kisses for charity – offered herself to the highest bidder for a screw in the woods!

PART TWO: DEBBIE BACK IN LONDON TOWN

Debbie stood in a long, see-through gown in the centre of her lounge, the main room in her expensive penthouse. Her young maid, June, was clearing the remains of eleven o'clock coffee from a long, low, Japanese coffee table.

Debbie, on very good terms wuth her maid, smiled at the eighteen-year-old girl, clad in a short black silk dress and tiny white apron, black silk stockings and high heeled shoes. She had June dressed as the conventional French maid for the benefit of the randy young men who called at the penthouse during the days and evenings to see Debbie. She would often amuse herself by making her men friends fuck June in front of her so that she could sit back and watch long, thick, erect pricks thrusting in and out of her maid who always received a generous cash bonus for agreeing to perform. Completely exhibitionistic herself, Debbie was also an avid voyeuress, loving to gaze at naked young and older and middle-aged men as they wanked in front of her at her command or were tossed off by her maid.

She smiled at June who was gazing at her young mistress in the long see-through, blue chiffon gown. Debbie was completely nude under the gown, her largish breasts jutting with stiffened nipples through the material, her fair pubic hair glinting under the fabric at the tops of her thighs.

"Robert, whom I met at a night club last night," said Debbie, lighting a cigarette, "will be here in an hour's time. I shall be going out to lunch with him, but first I propose getting fucked by him."

"Yes, Miss Debbie," said June.

"However," went on Debbie, decorating her settee with her languorous body, "Robert has a fixation for being watched while he is in the process of fucking a girl. So I wonder, would you very much mind staying in this lounge when he has arrived – I will ring for you – and watching him perform on me?"

"I would be very happy to watch," said June. "I've often wondered what you look like, in fact, with a man up you!"

"Have you now?" smiled Debbie, who had sometimes suspected her maid of having lesbian desires for her. "Well, this fellow Robert, he is about thirty I think, is said, so I've heard, to have a very outstanding cock. Some eight to eight and a half inches, even almost nine just before he comes! So a good time should be had by all I rather imagine. I shall want you to wank him off in front of me first of all, so that he has to spend some time fucking me before he comes his lot again, in me."

"With pleasure, Miss Debbie," smiled June.

"Don't forget to bend down as usual from time to time, June, so that Robert can see up your dress and white slips and your stocking-tops and white drawers. Robert is very into that scene, so I'm told."

"I will indeed," replied June. With that she left the lounge to let Robert in a little later on. Meanwhile, Debbie, floating round her lounge in her transparent gown arranged her settee, as usual, so that it stood in such a position as to be well reflected in two large gilt mirrors. She generally liked to have an all-round view of her men friends while she was being done, or was on her knees sucking them off or bending over them, gripping their pricks in her experienced hands, pulling the white spunk up out of them. Going into her bedroom, she put on a tiny black satin G-string under her chiffon gown and a small black peephole satin bra, through the holes of which peeper two already stiffened red nipples. The black tape of the G-string veed attractively down from her hips to her cunt-line and up tthe slit of her bottom at her back.

Dead on time, June was ushering Robert in to the lounge where Debbie, draped sexily in her gown and the G-string and bra on her settee, looked up from a magazine she was thumbing through and smiled at him. He was what she would describe as a gorgeous beast – dressed in impeccable white shirt, blue denim waistcoat and tight blue jeans with small leather bootees, cowboy fashion, showing under the slightly frayed hems. His white shirt, opened down to his hipster jeans, showed a fine gold sprinkling of hairs on a tanned chest. Golden hair, beautifully styled, framed his bronzed face.

"You look delicious, dear Robert," she greeted him. "I am very pleased we had the good fortune to meet up last night at the club. I hear on good authority you are a splendid stud. Is that so?.'

Robert sat on the settee next to her. "I am quite big, darling, if that is what you mean."

"That is precisely what I do mean," replied Debbie. "And," she went on, "I rather enjoy being fucked for a long time but I find that so many men come so quickly once they are up me that it rather spoils my fun. You with me?"

"I'm with you," smiled Robert, whose zip was already undergoing considerable strain owing to the generous horn that was developing inside his French pants. Debbie looked down and caught sight of the promising erection.

"So, my dear Robert," she went on, "I have a most attractive 18-year-old maid called June, and I have arranged with her to join us as soon as I ring for her. I wish her to give you a fucking good toss-off in front of me first of all, so that you can

rid yourself of some of your spunk before you start to fuck me. As well as that, I wish for my maid June to stay in here and to watch you fucking me. Are you agreeable to that scene?"

"More than agreeable," grinned Robert, almost coming there and then into his pants at the thought.

Debbie got up from the low settee and pressed a bell-push by the fireplace. June entered the lounge a few moments later. She dutifully bent over in a pretence of having to move a vase of flowers from an occasional table to another and Robert had the planned view up her short black silk dress and white slips to the tops of her naked thighs over her stockings to the edges of the lacy legs of her frilly knickers. But his horn was already so magnificent as he started to strip off his waistcoat, shirt and jeans, that Robert had no need of any extra visual stimulation. When he was completely naked, June and Debbie gazed with appreciation at his eight and a half inch long prick, pulsing up in front of his golden-haired pelvis, the balls like a pink suede bag under it, sprinkled with fair hairs.

"Toss Robert off,' Debbie told her maid.

Robert lay down on a soft sheepskin rug on the floor, his thighs side open, his legs crooked at the knees, his prick in profile to Debbie who sat on the settee as June knelt right over Robert's face so that he was looking right up her clothes as her thighs spread either side of his face. She knelt up, stooping a little as she took Robert's huge prick in her right hand.

"Toss him slowly," said Debbie, her bright blue eyes wide open as she looked at the sensual sight of Robert's magnificent tanned thighs spread wide apart and the way in which his balls started to bounce up and down between them as June commenced a slow, rhythmic wanking of his thick prick, exposing the purple knob to its fullest each time her hand went down to the base of his prick. Her slow, deliberate up and down strokes soon caused Robert to raise and to lower his bottom up and down in synchronisation with her hand movements until he was virtually fucking her hand as it gripped his cock. Then, with a final arching of his slim body in a graceful series of sexy jerks – Robert let fly with a gush of white spurts from the hole in his engorged red knob – spurting out great globs of spunk up into the air. They splattered down over his flat tummy and onto his thighs and onto his chest.

Debbie watched enthralled as Robert, in an ecstasy of desire, thrust his right hand up June's dress and she raised her bottom up into the air as she felt Robert's eager fingers thrusting up into the gusset of her drawers. June squatted up over Robert's face for a moment or so, allowing him to finger her right between her slit over her drawers, causing her to come considerably with the excitement of having tossed him, watched his spunk being released from his cock and being suddenly groped.

Her short dress and slips flared up and Debbie, bending down on the settee, watched Robert's forefinger as it poked up and down between June's spread thighs. She heard June sigh and then gasp as her thighs trembled with the exertion of squatting and being climaxed at one and the same time. Then her maid rolled over and away from Robert with a show of flouncy white slips, wide-open thighs, wet knicker-gusset and trembling, creamy thighs over her stockings.

"Fanfuckingtastic!" said Debbie, as Robert sprang lithely to his feet on the sheepskin rug and helped the disarranged June to her feet. "That would have made a smashing sequence in a blue film!"

Robert wiped himself down with a handful of tissues. June flopped into a deep armchair, her short dress riding up her thighs to well above her stocking tops. Robert sat down beside Debbie on the settee, his prick only a little bit limpened.

"See how I grew bigger, up to nearly nine inches, when I started to come?" he asked the two girls. "I always do that and girls tell me when I am fucking them they can actually feel my knob

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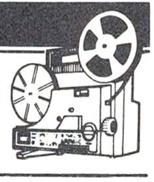

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"DEBBIE EXPERIENCED A GREAT NUMBER OF TOTALLY SATISFYING ORGASMS, AND JUNE TOO GASPED WITH EXCITEMENT AT HER OWN CLIMAXES..."

swelling up inside them," he went on enthusiastically, completely carried away by the erotic situation in which he found himself.

Debbie stood up and cast off her transparent gown with the air of a professional stripper. Robert looked at her red, stiff nipples peeping through her bra and then at the golden hairs peeping out round the sides of her black satin G-string. At once his horn commenced to redevelop and, in a matter of a few seconds, his prick was standing up straight from the centre of his thighs, his bollocks once again a large, round, pink, hairy bag.

"Fuck me up my cunt from behind," said Debbie, arranging herself sexily over the arm of the settee from which vantage point she could see her body reflected in both the wall mirrors and knew that, when Robert was arching over her back and her bottom, she would be able to watch his prick sliding in and out of her hole. Robert straddled his powerful tanned over her bottom as June, from her armchair, watched with ever mounting excitement – sexual thrills coursing through her own cunt as she saw from her position, Robert's now full-length prick slide up into her mistress's cunt. Swiftly pulling down her drawers, June sat back in the armchair – her fingers deep up her own fanny was Robert started to swing back and forth in and out of Debbie. True to Debbie's plan, Robert, having already spilled out a deluge of spunk, was able to remain in her hole for quite fifteen minutes, during which time Debbie experienced a great number of totally satisfying orgasms in her cunt and June, too, gasped with the excitement of her own climaxes as she watched Robert's elegant body in action and saw his swelling prick pistoning in and out of Debbie.

Finally, in a loud voice, Robert warned the two excited girls that he was about to come again. Debbie, her eyes fixed on the double reflection of her body and Robert's body in the mirror, thrilled to her marrow when she saw the sudden and the convulsive movements of Robert's body as he started to squirt his come out again, this time not into the air, but into her eager and receptive cunt. She saw the trembling contractions of his muscles in his broad bottom and the rapid trembling of his strong thighs and the powerful thrusts of his hips and bottom as he pushed his prick up as far as it could go into the inner recesses of her wet cunt.

June shot out all over her busy fingers as she watched the same action, being able from her viewpoint, to see the slit of Robert's bottom and the involuntary contractions of his anus, as with opened buttocks it was well on view. She also saw the sudden hardening of his balls as he started to come and watched the red colour of them being drained away as his spunk left them to shoot out of the end of his knob into Debbie's cunt.

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garterbelt defined her shapely calves and, when she sat down on the settee a considerable expanse of her thighs showed. She wondered, as Felix sat down beside her, how he would like the exciting black satin drawers she had on as well.

"I take it darling," she said, by way of relaxing and stimulating him at one and the same time, "I take it you are at that stage in your life when you get an erection at the slightest excuse?"

Felix looked her full in the face. "Yes, actually I do," he said. "And I got one as soon as I set eyes on you last night and I simply had to get introduced to you and I looked up your phone number and address as soon as I got home in the early hours of the morning."

"You wicked boy," Debbie laughed, taking his hand in hers. "You do look pretty," she added, "almost too pretty to be a boy. Do you ever wish you were a girl?"

"Good Lord no," said Felix. "I am only too happy to be male, believe me. I mean, it means I can meet smashing girls like you, doesn't it?"

Debbie put her hand right over the large zip of his velvety trousers.

"I had a wet dream over you last night, Debbie," said Felix.

"You did?" she asked. "And what exactly were you and I doing in your dream?"

His pale face flushed a delicate pink and Debbie thought he ought to wear a little faint make-up – the flush became him. He cleared his throat.

"I know it sounds dreadfully presumptuous," he said, "but I dreamt I was with you in my car and you were in the back seat with me and I was... I was... well... feeling up your clothes with my hand. You had on a white dress and bare thighs. I had my fingers pressing up you over your knickers and, as I sort of pressed right up into you, I started to come in my sleep."

"But how delicious, darling," smiled Debbie. "And have you ever actually felt up a girl's clothes in the back seat of your car?"

"Oh yes, often. But I have never had the... the pluck to, well, to let them feel inside my clothes," went on Felix.

"That means you have never let a girl see your prick then?" prompted Debbie.

"Actually – no," confessed

Felix. He flushed again.

"So," persisted Debbie, raising her dress up her thighs to the gusset on her wicked black knickers, exposing her white thigh flesh for him to see above her stocking tops, "So you have not yet fucked a girl?"

"Actually – no," said Felix again.

"We can soon remedy that!" replied Debbie cheerfully, ringing for June.

The rest of the evening was a traumatic experience for Felix, but a most delighted one, nevertheless. June had flounced into the lounge looking radiant in her short black maid's uniform. She had bent over carelessly in front of Felix, showing off her thigh tops and knickers. Debbie had made Felix lie on the floor and look up her own short dress. They had together systematically stripped him of his shirt, trousers, pants, shoes, socks and, with him laid out with his pale, athletic body on the sheepskin rug, taken it in turns to wank off his sturdy, youthful prick which had speedily raised up to six-inch horn-size upon sight of June up her clothes. Alternate hands on his prick as he lay on his back had resulted in June being the one to draw a fountain of spunk out of his knob after a few hectic moments of pulling away at him and palming his hot, round balls. With that out of his system, both girls stripped off naked in front of him. By the end of his visit, June had encouraged him to fuck her mistress up her front and she had, later, bent down on all fours for Felix to ride her back, managing to get his newly stiffened prick up her cunt from the back. A final bonus before he got dressed was for Debbie to give him a gentle suck job as June tickled the cleft between his pale bottom.

"There, darling," said Debbie, kissing him at the door as both girls saw him out, "We have made a man of you. You have looked at and poked both our cunts and fucked up them both into the bargain – plus you have had your dick tossed by the two of us. You are a real man now, Felix darling, so there is no longer any need for you to have to be content with wet dreams in bed at night!"

Debbie and June waved to him as the lift doors closed on him and they returned naked into the penthouse.

NEXT MONTH: DEBBIE SAMPLES THE MORE MATURE MALE!

We hope you've enjoyed reading about Debbie Delight's Sexcapades – if so you'll be interested to know that Debbie appears in the movie 'Emanuelle Meets The Wife Swappers'. So fans of Debbie should not miss out on this great movie – which is showing now at the Moulin Cinema, Gt. Windmill Street, Soho. Due to the explicit nature of this film it will not be showing at all cinemas around Britain, so we would urge readers to travel to see it!

LOVEBIRDS LETTERS

Continued from page 77

She was gasping and moaning with joy as she pushed that wax stick ever deeper into her quim. She told me that on the deepest strokes that the tip of the candle was touching the mouth of her womb, and that every time that happened she gave herself a very lovely orgasm. she must have wanked herself off for a good twenty minutes with that candle, and at the end of that time my prick was just about ready for action again.

So we both got back onto the bed, and she moved down my body and took my prick deep into her mouth. She sucked hard on it and at the same time she took my balls into her right hand and squeezed at them.

When she thought that my prick was hard enough for her, she stretched out on the bed on her back, opened her long legs, and exposed the puffed out lips of her crinkled quim to me.

I slammed my prick deep into her soaking wet pussy hole, and gave her the screwing of her life. She was shouting and writhing away like mad as my throbbing prick battered against the soft internal walls of her quim, and her legs came up and clamped round my back so hard that I thought she was going to break me in half, then she moved her bum and hips in time to my strokes, and the hard points of her nipples were crushing into my chest.

When I came I shot a really powerful load of come into her wet, warm, mushy, love tube, and she screamed out as it swall all the way up her insides.

After I had taken my prick out sh elicked the few odd drops of come from my glans, then she pushed two of her fingers into her quim, took out a large glob of spunk, raised her fingers to her mouth, and sucked at them. She told me that the taste of my spunk, all mixed up as it was, with her own love juices, was a really marvellous taste.

Well that, was what taking my wife to that blue film club in Greek Street in Soho did for me, so if you are having any trouble with your sex life and your wife, why not take note of my suggestion and take he ralong to that club to see some of the finest blue films ever made. You won't regret it, I promise you.

Mr. T.M. London.

MASTURBATION OBJECT

Dear Editor,

Having the key to my seventeen -years-old boyfriend's bedsit, I called on him unexpectedly last Friday evening, and found him sitting up on his bed stark naked, his legs wide open, a sex book also open on the bed between his thighs, open at a page showing a naked girl with her legs open, showing her cunt. My boy's prick was large and stiff and when I went up to the bed, I could see half of his prick was flaming red as it gets when I wank him off and his nob was deep purple and covered in semen, and the photo was also smeared. Quite obviously he had tossed himself off while looking at that photo. I was very angry with him. And jealous, too, I suppose. I am also seventeen and not a bit sexually inhibited. I mean, I am on the Pill. I let him fuck me in every position we can manage. I also wank him off and suck him off right to his ejaculation into my mouth. I also let him poke and suck me, play with my tits and take all sorts of liberties with me. And here he was tossing off while looking at a porno photo, just because I didn't happen to be with him or seeing him that evening.

His prick went down wallop when I started to wade into him verbally. He looked very ashamed. Was I right to tick him off? A girlfriend of mine said no I wasn't right to be angry with him. She said most healthy fit boys of his age tossed off more than once a day. The fact he was looking at the photo of the girl, she said, was only to give him what is called 'masturbation-object', something to look at rather than to tax his brain in fantasising he was with me. She suggested I let him take a few colour flash photos of me naked, and with my legs spread out, showing all my cunt, then she went on, your bloke could look at them and toss himself off when you were away from him at least it would be you and not a photo of some strange girl he was looking at. Do you think I should take her advice and let him take some sexy shots of me? He has a very good flash colour camera, and I would have no objection to posing for him. In fact, I would probably want to take some sexy shots of him naked, showing off his large stiff prick and his substantial balls. But then that might encourage me to poke

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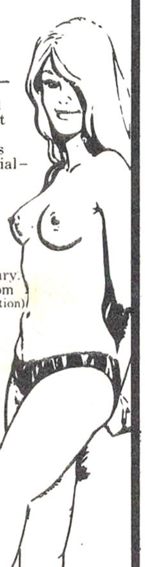

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myself when away from him, a think I never do anyway.

R.F. Houndsditch. London.

THREE FATHERS

Dear Editor,

One reads in the daily papers that it is the Parents who make their children what they are, the so-called experts say that it is the home life of a child that comes out in the later years, I must disprove this fact for the benefit of all the people who takes their words as Gospel. Take the case of the young girl who was brought up in a Church-going family, they were a mealy-mouthed pious lot, all except the children, the son at this moment is doing his second helping of porrige, paid for of course by the taxpayers. The Daughter, and you can take this as Gospel as the saying goes, "She fucks like a rattle-snake," by the way how do they?

I know this from first hand, and cock experience, she thinks that the male appendage is for her mouth only, any man will do, and she certainly has no colour bar, in fact in our small town she was the first one to show any immigrant that he was as good as the next man, as for me, I couldn't beleive it, I met her from Church on our first date and before the moon was high in the sky she had the date of a tombstone imprinted on her backside. But the biggest mockery of all, she placed her prayer book behind her head as a pillow, her pants were down before the night air blew on my hardened knob and before I introduced her properly to it she had to taste it to make sure that it hadn't gone off, it very nearly did, I can tell you, but after she had found that it was a real one and not a dildo she couldn't do enough for it, in fact before the session was over I had begun to wonder who it really belonged to, it was a good job that she was on the Pill otherwise I am afraid her family would have been increased that night, and then what would thejacher have used for a lesson. I thought that I was the first to get inside her pants, but I found out much later that I was way back in the queue, and believe me that is just what there was, I took her home and then finding that I had lost my wallet I went back to the Church yard, what did I find, my wallet, and then after hearing sounds of a scuffle behind yet another tombstone I found another bloke going through the same procedure, it deflated my ego for a while but I am pleased to say that as events proved later, she could take more than any one man could give her. For Pill or not, a couple of years later she found that her clothes were getting too tight and she blamed 3 blokes as the Father.

Which only goes to show that it is not always the Parents fault, incidentlly they have left town that is why I am able to write about it. I wonder who really taught her all she knew, did she learn it at school? I doubt it, and of course Mummy and Daddy were the last ones to talk to her about this filthy thing called Sex.

Sonny boy didn't learn about a life of crime at Church either, or was it because the do-good family made them feel sick, I know it does me.

Now take the opposite, another girl I know who came from a family where the Mother would drop her pants for a Guiness or two and knowing this I made sure that I took the daughter out as soon as she became old enough, Crumpet, you must be bloody joking, she came out wearing a high necked dress and I am sure she wore her own chastity belt, I didn't get near enough to find out for sure for no sooner had my hand started to wander, (we were in my car by the way) than she skipped out of the door as though I was going to murder her. It took me a long time to coax her back in and if we hadn't been some 15 miles from home and it wasn't raining, I doubt very much whether I would have succeeded even doing that. However after promising to behave myself she climbed back in, not even showing a bit of leg and she made me take her home.

So what price Parents control?

A reader.

Little Billing.

FREE VOUCHER

This voucher offers you FREE admission to a blue film cinema club. The new owners of the Sophisticate Cinema Club, of 184 Eversholt St., London NW1 (just 1 minute from Euston and Kings Cross Station) are so certain that you'll enjoy the films they show and come again that they are offering all readers FREE ADMISSION to their cinema club. The Sophisticate Cinema Club is now under NEW MANAGEMENT and shows exclusively XXX rated imported PORNO MOVIES. The programme changes weekly. Open 6 days a week from 11.00-7.00pm daily,

THE SOPHISTICATE CINEMA CLUB,
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375

SEXY CINEMAS

Dear Editor,

In Paris, Brussels and Hamburg, the older type cinemas have little boxes to seat two people in them, in a semicircle at the back of the cinema where English cinemas have the usual back seats for lovers. For a reasonable price one can book these boxes in the Continental cinemas in advance. Since they are above the heads of passing usherettes and patrons of the cinemas and covered in at the front so that you lean on the ledges watching the screen, no one can see what is going on or coming off between you and your companion. You can also lock the door frrom inside the box against intruders. What a marvellous idea and wouldn't sex cinemas in London be a sell out if they adopted such a style of seating for lovers! I went for a weekend to Paris with a new and exciting manfriend and although we were sleeping together at an hotel, he took me to a cinema like I have described, the second night we were in Paris. The film was a very sexy continental picture about lovers squirming naked all over the screen in full colour. Rodney, my manfriend, very soon had his trousers round his ankles in the pink glow of the box we werein. I saw the white of his shirt parted I also saw his briefs as he slid them down to his ankles and I also saw the tan of his huge prick as it stood up and out

CONTACT MAGAZINES

A SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

As a reader of an adult magazine such as this, we are sure that you are interested in contact magazines – the sort that swinging ladies advertise in (some contain box numbers – **others actual phone numbers**). The cover prices on these magazines range from 60p to £4 each! Some magazines contain hundreds of pages, thousands of contacts and pictures! They cover models, masseuses, escorts, showgirls and just oversexed housewives! We offer our readers 10 of the latest contact mags for £4, or 25 for £10 (and for our Gay friends 3 different £2).

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from between his sturdy thighs open wide as they were, his balls resting, all swollen up, on the edge of the seat. This was an invitation to toss him off which I did for him very gently and slowly to make it last as we both watched an enormous full-screen-sized horny prick on screen being sucked off by a lusty French maid. As we watched the screen prick squirting out come all over the girl's face, Rodney's prick also came and I looked down to watch his real life spunk shooting out onto the back of the sill of the box and slithering and sliding down it to the carpeted floor. After that, it was me with my dress up, my silk drawers off, thighs spread apart and my wide wet hole being poked like mad and my clit being rubbed like mad as we went on watching the screen, this time filled by a couple of beautiful young lesbian lovers. Looking across at the semi circle of other boxes we could both see each box held a couple of lovers and we wondered what would be going on inside all of them all at the same time. After the show, we dressed again and left the sexy cinema glowing with desires for each other all over again. Why doesn't some enterprising cinema management in London restyle a London cinema like that so that lovers can enjoy a sexy film and at the same time work each other off in complete privacy? Such a cinema would make a large fortune from the sale of box seats alone!

Linda F. London S.W.

GASPED WITH APPRECIATION

Dear Editor,

I'll never forget the first time that a woman sucked my penis, it is an experience that I will remember for the rest of my life. I was nineteen years old at the time, and I had started going with this girl called Jane. Now she was a good looking girl and she had a bit of a reputation of sleeping around. Well I didn't mind that in the least. I wanted to learn all I could about sex, and the best way to do that was to go out with a girl who know what it was all about.

Jane was a couple of years older than me, and after our first date she took me back to her house – her flat mate was away for the weekend – and then she took me straight up into her bedroom. She told me to get undressed and then she stood there just looking while I took off all my clothes. My prick was in full erection and when she saw it she smiled and said that it was a very nice shape, then she told me to stretch out on the bed and watch while she took her own clothes off.

When she was naked I gasped with appreciation at the sight. She was really beautiful, with firm pink tipped breasts, and a thin covering of pubic hair over her vagina. In fact the covering of hair over her vagina was so thin that I could see the soft folds of her vaginal lips, and this made my prick start to throb more than ever.

She walked across the room and got onto the bed with me, then she reached out and took my thick shaft in her right hand. As her cool fingers closed round my shaft I felt thrills of delight course through my body and I had to use every last bit of my self control to stop myself from coming on the spot.

For a little while she ran her right hand gently up and down my shaft and there was a smile on her face and a look of sheer lust in her light blue eyes.

Then she slowly peeled back my foreskin and exposed the rock hard surface of my glans. She told me to try and relax, and then she lowered her head, opened her mouth, and then the tip of her darting tongue started to move slowly forewards and backwards all over the head of my glans.

It was the first time that I had ever felt a woman's mouth on my glans, and my whole body shook and jerked with the pleasure of it all. Then she lowered her head even more and she took the whole of my glans deep into her mouth. I gasped again as I felt the tip of my glans touch the back of her throat.

Then she started to suck. She used everything she had to give me a great deal of pleasure. Her tongue curled under the head of my glans and licked away like mad while her cheeks blew in and out and produced one hell of a lot of suction on my shaft. At the same time she reached down with her right hand and started to pull and squeeze at my balls.

I was having one hell of a job to keep my body still, and sweat had broken out all over my face, my prick got larger and larger in her mouth till I thought that it was going to explode at any moment, and all the time there was that look of lust in her lovely eyes.

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REALLY PORNOGRAPHIC FILMS

She gave one massive final suck and my sperm jetted from my glans and shot into her wet willing mouth. A little sigh came from her throat as my hot spunk coated her tongue and clung to the inside of her mouth. She sucked and sucked and then sucked some more till she had drained every last drop of my come from my body, then she let my limp prick slip from her mouth, then she swallowed her mouthful of spunk down.

Afterwards she told me that I had very good tasting spunk, and that she was determined to suck me off whenever she got the chance. I told her that she could use her mouth on me anytime she liked, then I suggested that I suck her out. She smiled and stretched out on the bed then opened her long legs just as wide as they would go. I got between her legs and used my fingers to pull her quim lips as wide apart as possible, then I was able to look inside her pussy hole, and what a glorious sight it was. I could see pink flesh and bubbling love juices, and that was the sort of view that would have given a dead man an erection.

I plunged my tongue into the soaking wet quim and started to lick her out. She moaned and groaned and writhed about all over the place as my flickering tongue rasped against the soft internal walls of her pussy hole. Her juices flowed down and very soon I had a mouth full of them, and I found that they tasted very nice indeed. I swallowed them down and then I increased the speed of my tongue inside her pussy tube, and she shouted and screamed with pleasure as orgasm after orgasm ripped through every nerve and fibre in her body.

Well, I could go on and on about the things we did in the bed that night, but some things I like to keep to myself. I just thought that you might like to have heard about the first time I had my penis in another woman's mouth.

Mr. H.J. Bath.

THE DAVID GALAXY AFFAIR

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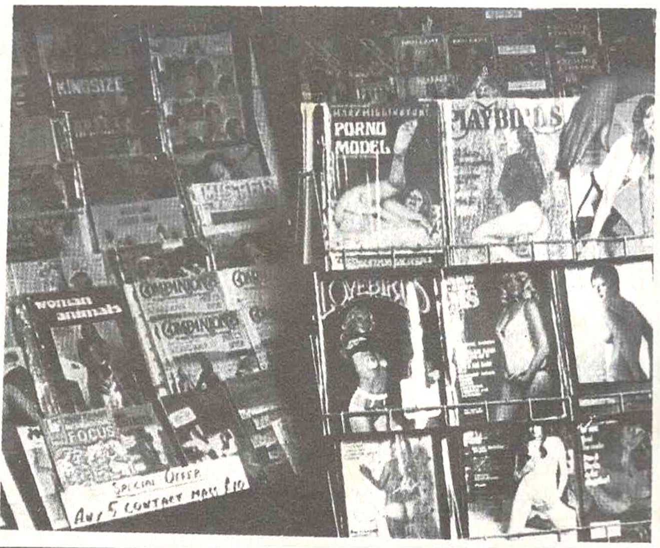

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